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JOE MILLER'S JOKE BOOK.

"He really liked joke books, and among others which I know to have been favorites, were "Recollections of A. Ward, Showman," "Flush Times in Alabama," "Petroleum V. Nasby's Letters," and Joe Miller's Joke Book."

"Judge Treat told me that he once lent Lincoln a copy of "Joe Miller" and Lincoln kept it for a while and evidently learned its entire contents, for he found Lincoln narrating the stories contained therein around the Circuit, but very much embellished and changed, evidently by Lincoln himself."

See Whitney's "Life on the Circuit with Lincoln" - page 177.

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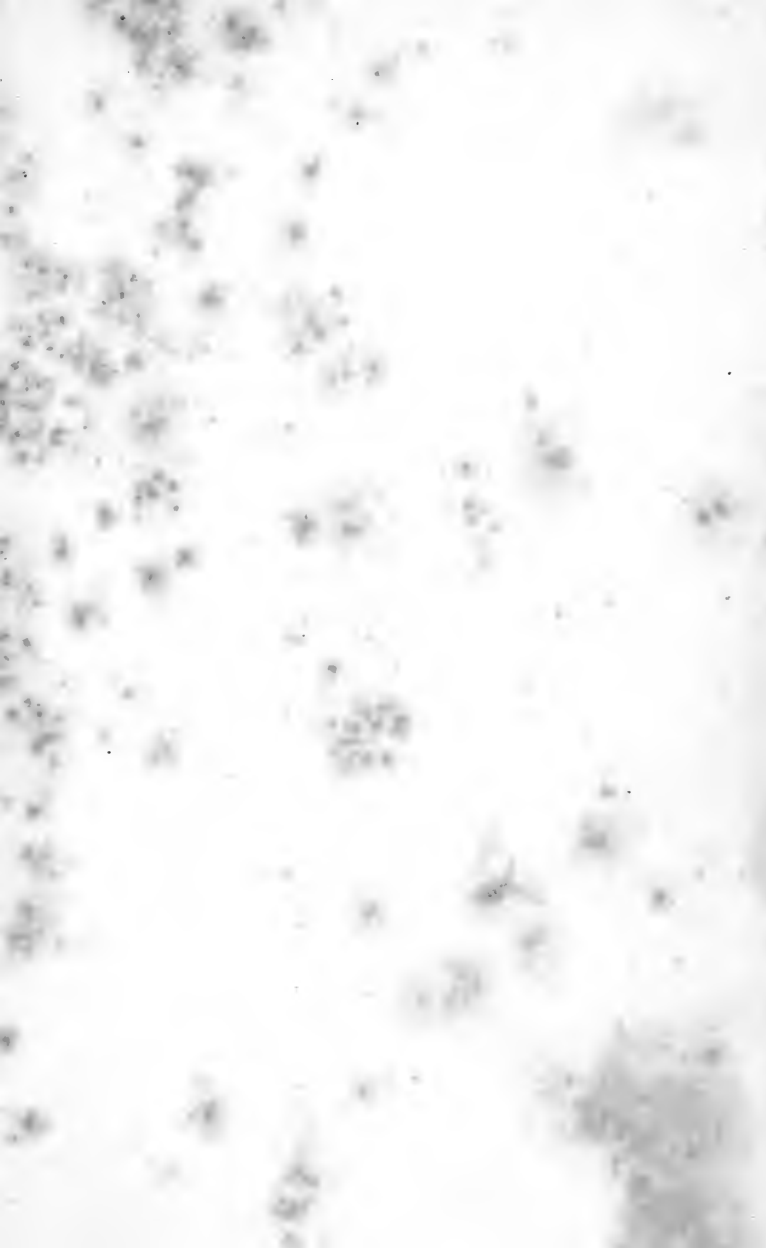
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THE

AMERICAN JOE MILLER.



THE
AMERICAN
JOE MILLER:

OR,
THE JESTER'S OWN BOOK.

BEING A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
ANECDOTES AND WITTICISMS.

Philadelphia:
PUBLISHED BY DANIELS & GETZ,
SUCCESSORS TO
W. A. LEARY & Co.
NO. 138 NORTH SECOND STREET.
1853.

mg 5381

PREFACE.

GENTLE READER,

IT is a serious matter to indite a preface to a collection of comicalities; it cannot be framed in accordance with the spirit of the work, for who dare attempt to be funny in opposition to the collected witticisms of the United States? and a grandiloquent flourish in way of prelude to a budget of fun would be as preposterous as a theatrical charge of trumpets preceding the entrance of Paul Pry. As I have no inclination to become my own trumpeter, and know not where to look for a friend with a requisite allowance of lungs, I must content myself with a place *in medias res*, and request my friends to accept a plain

old-fashioned matter-of-fact statement of the “why and the wherefore” of this collection of American good things.

I have noted in the course of my every-day experience, that the *facetix* of the mensal, hebdomadal, and diurnal publications have always demanded the primary attention of the reader; and the “ready laugh” attested his pleasure—and politics, statistics, didactics, laconics, ethics, and epics, were passed by, or turned over till the welcome joke was perused and imparted to the members of the surrounding group, or consigned to the mnemonical cells of the peruser, for future exhibition. I remarked, too, that every editor of note found it interesting to indulge in paragraphs furnishing matter for the *cacoethes ludendi* of his subscribers—and I noted with pride that every succeeding packet from Europe brought over English papers absolutely teeming with extracts from our rich stores of genuine humour and comicality. In the investigation of

my own private collection of such matters I discovered that our American wit was positively and absolutely original in its construction, and worthy a more lasting record than the temporary and evanishing columns of the public press. “THE AMERICAN JOE MILLER” is the result.

Y. D.

PHILADELPHIA, 1839.



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AMERICAN

JOE MILLER.

I. CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

THE Quakers have been celebrated for the pertinacity with which they give a direct answer ; but what Quaker could ever vie with a Yankee in this sort of fencing ? Nothing, in fact, can equal their skill in evading a question, excepting that with which they set about asking one. I am afraid that in repeating a conversation which I overheard on board the Erie canal-boat, I shall spoil it by forgetting some of the little delicate doublings which delighted me—yet I wrote it down immediately. Both parties were Yankees, but strangers to each other ; one of them having, by gentle degrees, made himself pretty well acquainted with the point from which every one on board had started, and that for

which he was bound, at last attacked his brother reynard thus:—

“Well, now, which way may you be traveling?”

“I expect this canal runs pretty nearly west.”

“Are you going far with it?”

“Well, now, I don’t rightly know how many miles it may be.”

“I expect you’ll be from New York?”

“Sure enough, I have been at New York often and often.”

“I calculate, then, ’tis not there as you stop?”

“Business must be minded in stopping and in stirring.”

“You may say that. Well, I look then you’ll be making for the Springs?”

“Folks say as all the world is making for the Springs, and I guess a good sight of them is.”

“Do you calculate upon stopping long when you get to your journey’s end?”

“’Tis my business must settle that, I expect.”

“I guess that’s true, too; but you’ll be for making pleasure a business for once, I calculate?”

“My business don’t often lie in that line.”

“Then, may be, it is not the Springs as takes you this line?”

“The Springs is a right elegant place, I reckon.”

"It is your health, I calculate, as makes you break your good rules?"

"My health don't trouble me much, I guess."

"No? Why, that's well. How is the markets, sir? Are bread stuffs up?"

"I an't just capable to say."

"A deal of money's made by just looking after the article at the fountain's head."

"You may say that."

"Do you look to be making great dealings in produce up the country?"

"Why that, I expect, is difficult to know."

"I calculate you'll find the markets changeable these times?"

"No markets beant very often without changing."

"Why, that's right down true. What may be your biggest article of produce?"

"I calculate, generally, that's the biggest as I makes most by."

"You may say that. But what do you chiefly call your most particular branch?"

"Why that's what I can't justly say."

II. YANKEE ECONOMY.

Irishmen work better and cheaper than blacks, and they don't live so long. The blacks, when they

are past work, hang on forever, and a proper bill of expense they be ; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor rates for t'other ones.

III. FORCING EXTRAORDINARY.

Professor Higginbottom, of Virginia, (of physiological celebrity,) has lately tried some interesting experiments in relation to the effect of external agents on the growth of the human frame. Of three young negroes, averaging not more than three years each, (grown by Professor H. under cucumber frames,) one has attained the height of six, the other of seven and a half, and the third of eight feet, in the almost incredibly short space of six weeks.

IV. I'M READY FOR EITHER.

James Knowles, of Point Judith, in the last war, lived in an exposed situation, near the ocean, and never went to bed without having his gun well charged by his side. One night there was a violent thunder gust which shook the house to its foundation :

"Husband, husband," screamed the wife, "get up, the British have landed, or the day of judgment has come, and I don't know which." "By gosh," said Knowles, springing up, and seizing the musket, "I'm ready for either."

V. EVERY THING ON A MAGNIFICENT SCALE.

A South American being asked by a worthy citizen of London, in a large company, what kind of a country South America was, replied: "Sir, every thing in South America is on a grand scale. Our mountains are stupendous, our rivers are immense, our plains are interminable, our forests have no end, our trees are gigantic, our miles are thrice the length of yours; and then, (here he took a doubloon out of his pocket and laid it on the table,) look at our *guineas!*"

VI. A LONG WORD.

A physician's advertisement in the St. Louis Republican, of a *column* in length, is headed "*one word* as to this climate."

VII. PUTTING IN AN APPEARANCE.

A bailiff calling at the dwelling of a distressed Quaker, to serve a writ, was refused admittance. He said to the servant, "Your master is at home, but will not see me." "He has seen thee, friend," said Abigail, "but does not like thy appearance."

VIII. SPECIAL HAZARDOUS.

Judge Beeler put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell, "No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls;" "for," said he, "the one will set a flame a-goin among my cottons, and t'other among my gals. I won't have no such inflammable and dangerous things about me on no account."

IX. A BROKEN HEART.

The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is just like a new Indian rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you, there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em. I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in t'other sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown river, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur of a man; folks used to run to the window when he passed, and say, "There goes Washington Banks, beant

he lovely ?" I do believe there wasn't a gal in the Lowell factories that warn't in love with him. Well when I last seed him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defleshed, a mere walkin skeleton. "I am dreadfully sorry," says I, "to see you, Banks, looking so pecked; why, you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you?" "I'm dyin," says he, "*of a broken heart.*" "What," says I, "have the gals been jiltin you?" "No, no," says he, "I beant such a fool as that neither." "Well," says I, "have you made a bad speculation?" "No," says he, shakin his head, "I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that." "What, under the sun, is it then?" said I. "Why," says he, "I made a bet, the fore part of summer, with Leftenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet; *but the anchor was so etarnal heavy it broke my heart.*" Sure enough, he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heerd tell of *a broken heart.*

X. A CHAPTER ON DANCING.

Isn't it rather late in the day for the Philadelphia Spirit of the Times to publish a tirade against dancing? We suppose it will be allowed by every

thinking mind that man was created with legs ; and what can be more natural than that he should put these legs to some use ? We may be bold in the assertion, but we must be allowed to say, that the first *pas seul* was danced by Adam in *Paradise* ; and that would hardly have been allowed had there been any harm in it. Almost all the Hebrew worthies shone in the dance ; Moses was a renowned *figurante*, and David is almost as well known for his dancing as his playing. But let not the reader think that the Jews were the only cultivators of this science. The Egyptians have been long celebrated for their progress ; nor did Cadmus fail to teach it to Greece, when he taught her every thing else. The Pyrrhic dance, with all its varieties, has been long in the mouth of the learned ; and all know that Theseus and Numa both invented dances, and led off the first couple themselves. When Rome was mistress of the world—when her civilization was at its height—then dancing shone brightest ; then Pylades and Bathylla, the Martin and Lecompte of their day, drew the world after them ; but alas ! Rome fell, and lamed the dancers with the falling rubbish. Talk of the “ folly of dancing ! ” Why, man alive, Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, invented the dance, and figured in a hornpipe about an hour and a half after the defeat of the Titans

Socrates, "the wisest man the world e'er saw," learned to cut the pigeon wing of Aspasia, (a very naughty lady whom you may have read of,) and Solomon, than whom no one was more capable of judging, has expressly assigned a time to mourn and a time to *dance*. Plato has not disdained to write about dancing, and Homer and Hesiod make all their heroes excellent at the *double shuffle*. Go to, then! Spirit of the Times, and don't snarl any more at this divine art! You have only two names "of note" on your side, Cicero and Byron—the first had a wart on his face and couldn't get a partner, and the poet was lame and couldn't "*shine*." Dancing, sir, is of the greatest importance, particularly about these days. A good *pastorale* has often procured an *acred* wife; the *ballancez* has influenced the *scale* of many fortunes; and the *chaine anglaise* has been exchanged for the *chaine du dame*, and not unfrequently for the *fetters* of Hymen. When we hear from you again, brother editor, we hope to hear, as Sir Toby Belch says, that you "go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto."

XI. SKETCH OF THE NOVA SCOTIANS.

A horse that wont go a-head is apt to run back, and the more you whip him, the faster he goes

astarn. That's jist the way with the Nova Scotians; they have been running back so fast lately, that they have tumbled over a *bank* or two, and nearly broke their necks; and now they've got up, and shook themselves, they swear their dirty clothes and bloody noses are all owing to the *banks*. I guess, if they won't look a-head for the future, they'll larn to look behind, and see if there's a bank near hand on 'em.

XII. SEVERE.

The Cincinnati News avers, that a certain lady had a custom of saying to a favourite little dog, to make him follow her, "Come along, sir." A would-be-witty gentleman stepped up to her one day, and accosted her with, "Is it me, madam, you called?" "O, no, sir," said the lady, with great composure, "it was *another puppy* I spoke to."

XIII. LITERARY RESEARCH.

A lecturer "out West" has created no little interest among the literati of that quarter by his dissertations on the character of "Joan of Arc, the maid of New Orleans." According to his account, she cut a very conspicuous figure behind the cotton

bales on the glorious 8th of January. Among the other celebrated female characters whom he has thrust upon the notice of the literary public, is Lady Jane Grey, whom he affirms to have been the daughter of the late William Grey, Esq., of Boston.

XIV. USE IS SECOND NATURE.

Major N——, upon being asked whether he was seriously injured when the St. Leonard steamer's boiler exploded, replied, that he was so used to being blown up by his wife that a mere steamer had no effect upon him.

XV. ARKANSAS BAGGAGE.

"Boy, run up stairs to No. — and bring down my baggage—hurry, I'm about moving," said a tall Arkansas meat-axe-looking person yesterday to a waiter at one of our crack hotels. "What is your baggage, massa, what is he?" "Why, three pistols, a pack of cards, a Bowie-knife, and one shirt. You'll find them all under my pillow."

XVI. JESTS.

A great many jests appear now-a-days, in which all the wit consists in the enormity of the lie. There

are plenty, however, of a different character. One of the most amusing we have seen of the last season's growth, was an account of a pumpkin which grew somewhere in Maine, which was said to be so large that ten men could stand around it.

The story, as it was told, reminded us of a New Hampshire editor, who said a flock of wild geese had just flown over, so nigh that you could *shake a stick at them*.

XVII. NAHANT NUTMEGS.

"Which way are you from, Mr. Slick, this hitch?" "Why," says I, "I've been away up south a speculating in nutmegs." "I hope," says the Professor, "they were a good article, the real, right down genuine thing." "No mistake," says I, "no mistake, Professor: they were all prime, first chop; but why do you ax that are question?" "Why," says he, "that eternal scoundrel, that Captain John *Allspice*, of Nahant, he used to trade to Charlestown, and he carried a cargo once there of fifty barrels of nutmegs: well, he put a half a bushel of good ones into each end of the barrel, and the rest he filled up with wooden ones, so like the real thing, no soul could tell the difference until *he bit one* with his teeth, and that he never thought of doing, until he was first *bit himself*."

XVIII. LOVE DEFINED.

The following dialogue, between two negroes, was overheard by a friend of ours in Philadelphia. "Cæsar, wot him call lub?" "Why, Massa Sip, um like too much drinke; um tink ob young gal till um head go round like um big wheel; den him make dam fool of himself."

XIX. THE LEARNED PIG.

The learned pig, now exhibiting in Fourth Street, has just completed the first canto of a new poem somewhat in the style of *Don Juan*!!! However, we cannot but think it's going rather too far in the proprietor, to deck the animal out in a turn-down collar, and bit o' black riband round his neck.

XX. CANINE WONDER.

At Hiram Pott's store, No. 15, Third Street, in this city (Charlestown) a little dog is to be seen, whose tail curls naturally so tight that he has never been able to put his hind legs to the ground.

XXI. THE WAY THEY COURT DOWN EAST.

Sally, the housemaid, paring apples in the corner.
Enter Obadiah, who seats himself opposite to

Sally, without saying a word for fifteen minutes, but finally scratching his head, breaks silence with—

There's considerable imperceptible alterin in the weather since last week.

Sally.—'Taint so injudicious and so indubitable cold as 'twas; the thernomicon has lowered up to 400 degrees higher than zenith.

Obadiah.—I think's likely, for birds of that specie fly a great quantity higher in warm days than cold ones.

Both parties assume a grave and knowing look and a long pause ensues. Finally Obadiah gives his pate another harrowing scratch, and again breaks silence with—

Well, Sally, we chaps are goin to raise a sleigh-ride, it's such inimical good sleddin to-morrow.

Sally.—You are? Our folks are suspecting company all day to-morrow.

Obadiah.—I 'spose they'll have insatuate times on't. I should be supernatural happy if you would disgrace me with your company; I should take it as a deropitary honour; besides we're calculatin to treat the gals copious well with raisins and blackstrap.

Sally.—I should be supernatural glad to disgrace you, but our folks suspect company; I can't go.

Obadiah sits scratching his head a while, and at

length starts up as though a new idea had come upon him.

Well, now I know what I'll do; I'll go home and thrash them are beans what have been lying down there in the barn sich a darned long while.

[*Exit Obadiah.*

XXII. THE POWER OF SIGHT.

A literary gentleman, whose visual organs required no extraneous aid to render him sensible of the form, size, or colour of objects, mounted *barnacles on nose* a few days ago, that the world might be acquainted with the nature of his pursuits, ne forgetting the important and essential adjuncts of black stick, silver mounted and tasseled, and the "Bees of Aristophanes" humming under his arm. Thus equipped, he sallied forth, and meeting a friend who had been absent for years, was so surprised that he doubted his friend's identity, and to assure himself of the fact, he darted such a scrutinizing look through his *glass eyes*, that it smashed the illuminators into a thousand pieces.

XXIII. CHEAP SUBSTITUTE FOR SUGAR.

The lovely Miss Sligourney, of Roseville Cottage, smiles with such exquisite sweetness as to render the

introduction of a sugar-basin unnecessary at the largest tea-party. The glances of her not less charming sister, Patience, have been known to penetrate the heart of the least susceptible swains at the range of an ordinary rifle.

XXIV. THE PANTO-KALO-SLICK-ORTHOGRAPHICAL, ETC.

We have much pleasure in bestowing our favourable notice on that meritorious invention, the Panto-kalo-slick-orthographical-Wilkinsonian pen. The constructive genius of Mr. Wilkinson has now furnished us with an instrument by which an ode, a sermon, or even an editorial article may be composed with the most critical exactness and propriety by the hand of a child.

XXV. VOCALS IN RHODE ISLAND.

In Rhode Island all the girls sing, and it's generally allowed there'e no such singers anywhere; they beat the *Eye*-talians a long chalk: they sing so *high*, some on 'em, they go clear out o' hearing sometimes, like a lark.

XXVI. ONE OF THE TALLBOYS FAMILY.

In Slickville, there is a boy, aged ten years, who is so uncommon tall that he cannot tell when his toes are cold.

XXVII. COLONEL CROCKET IN A QUANDARY.

"I never but once," said the colonel, "was in what I call a real genuine quand-ary. It was during my electioneering campaign for Congress; at which time I strolled about in the woods so particularly pestered by politics, that I forgot my rifle. Any man may forget his rifle, you know; but it isn't every man can make amends for his forgetfulness by his inventive faculties, I guess. It chanced that as I was strolling along, considerable deep in congressionals, the first thing that took my fancy was the snarling of some young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree; the entrance being more than forty feet from the ground. I mounted the tree; but I soon found that I could not reach the cubs with my hands; so I went, feet foremost, to see if I could draw them out with my toes. I hung on, at the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped, and down I went more than twenty feet to the bottom of that black hole, and there I found myself almost hip-deep in a family of fine young bears. I soon found that I might as well undertake to climb up the greasiest part of a rainbow, as to get back, the hole in the tree being so large, and its sides so smooth and slippery from the rain. Now this was

a *real, genuine, regular*, quand-ary ! If so be I was to shout, it would have been doubtful whether they would hear me at the settlement ; and if they *did* hear me, the story would ruin my election ; for they were a quantity too cute to vote for a man that had ventured into a place that he couldn't get himself out of. Well, now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help, or to wait in the hole until after the election, I heard a kind of fumbling and grumbling over head ; and, looking up, I saw the old bear coming down stern foremost upon me. My motto is always '*go a-head !*' and as soon as she had lowered herself within my reach, I got a tight grip of her tail in my left hand, and with my little buck-horn-hafted penknife in the other, I commenced spurring her forward. I'll be shot if ever member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did ! She took me out in the shake of a lamb's tail."

XXVIII. A SHREWD GUESS.

When it was announced in the Boston Mercantile Journal, that E. C. Delavan, Esq., the well known persevering advocate of temperance, had presented to the young queen a splendidly bound copy of "*Temperance Tales*," a Yankee remarked,

"I guess the gift would have been more appropriate if made to some of Her Majesty's uncles."

XXIX. A FEATHERED JIM CROW.

The Troy Trumpet says:—"A gentleman residing in Kentucky has a bulfinch, which not only pipes the air of 'Jim Crow,' to perfection, but throws itself into the attitudes of that illustrious individual at the end of each verse."

XXX. WORK OF NECESSITY.

Unbuttoning a young gentleman's waistcoat, to enable him to pick up his cane.

XXXI. ECONOMY IN FUEL

The Michigan White Pigeon Gazette says, "A neighbour of ours informs us, that wood goes further when left out of doors than when well housed, some of his having gone upwards of a quarter of a mile in one night."

XXXII. DIALOGUE IN A JERSEY TAVERN.

Peddler. Have you been to the Bowery, neighbour, lately?

Stranger. Not very lately.

Pedler. What a first-rate place that is for music!

Kentuck. Don't talk of York music. I have a horn as come from France that'll turn all the milk sour when you blow it hard.

Pedler. And I have a trumpet that will throw a monkey into fits.

Kentuck. Why, I can whistle better than some of them common trumpets. I whistled once kind of sharp, and it gave the polecat the agy.

Pedler. When I was last at the Bowery, the musicianers played so strong that it tuk two men to hold the leader of 'em in his seat; and in one part he played so fast, six of the others couldn't overtake him, although they all did their tightest.

Kentuck. It takes *me* to sit some tune as I can play, and *I can hardly*. I played on an old frying-pan once so all-fired powerful that it driv away the mice.

Pedler. That was 'cause the frying-pan was cracked, and driv every thing as mad as itself.

Kentuck. Well, I'll tell you a fact: there's a fife in Kentuck that once whistled so piercing, that it bored a hole slick through the shingles.

Pedler. Yes, that's true; and there's a drum at the Bowery that has to be played by a leetle baby, for if a grown-up man was to try it, it would go

off like thunder, and perhaps blow the roof off from the house.

Farmer. I want to tell you two of a dream I had the other night, I dreamt as all the liars was dead, and it's come true.

Kentuck. Yes, they're all dead.

Pedler. Except two, and they're fixed in this par of the state.

Kentuck. You've seen something, that's a fact—though you're a leetle man. Whereabouts were you raised ?

Pedler. Why, I was raised, I expect, in Connecticut. I'm four feet nothing and a half, when my boots are on. My father lived on Birmingham, fourteen miles from Rome, and not far from Syracuse. My father built the first house there, and named it after a power of pans, called Birmingham hardware, as we had on hand from Boston. Twelve new towns have been fixed since then all around us. When they all join considerably, my father is going to call it Mount Olympus, and I calkilate it'll be the finest city in this or any other country.

XXXIII. LOGS.

The printer of the Western Gazette lately published the following notice:—"Dry stove wood

wanted immediately at this office, in exchange for papers. N. B. Don't bring logs that the *devil* can't split."

XXXIV. BANKS.

The Paterson Guardian is of opinion that the best bank in that village at present is the sand-bank at the head of Main street; blow high, blow low, it does not stop its issues. The best shares we have in our country are the plough-shares.

XXXV. ADVERTISEMENT.

The following advertisement lately appeared in the Newbury Journal:—"A young man, of good figure and disposition, unable, though desirous, to procure a wife, without the preliminary trouble of amassing a fortune, proposes the following expedient to attain the object of his wishes:—he offers himself as the prize of a lottery, to all widows and virgins under thirty-two; the number of tickets to be six hundred, at ten dollars each. But one number to be drawn from the wheel; the fortunate proprietor of which is to be entitled to himself and the six thousand dollars.

XXXVI. VARIETY AT SEA.

Mrs. Osgood, a Boston poetess, says that

Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip;
Sometimes, alas, *we ship a sea*,
Sometimes *we see a ship!*

XXXVII. STATE'S EVIDENCE.

A good story is told of George White, a notorious thief, in Worcester county, Massachusetts. He was once arraigned for horse stealing, when it was supposed he was connected with an extensive gang, which was laying contributions upon all the stables round about. Many inducements were held out to White to reveal the names of his associates, but he maintained a dogged silence. An assurance from the court was at last obtained that he should be discharged, upon which he made oath to reveal all he knew of his accomplices. The jury were accordingly suffered to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," when he was called upon for the promised revelations. "I shall be faithful to my word," said he; "understand then that the devil is the only accomplice I ever had—we have been a great while

in partnership—you have acquitted me, and you may hang him if you can catch him.”

XXXVIII. A PECK OF TROUBLE.

We pity the subscribers to the Wayne County (Indiana) Journal. At the last account, the editor, publisher, and proprietor, together with his wife and two children, were sick—the journeyman was “on a batter;” the devil was unruly and wicked, as all devils are from the old one down; the wood was all out; and the cow hadn’t come home.

XXXIX. TAKING IT COOLLY.

“Can you pay this small bill to-day?” said our collector to a gentleman of *some* repute.

“Call to-morrow; will you? I have a duel to fight in about half an hour, and have not time to look over your account just now.”

XL. GERMAN WINES.

A Philadelphia paper assures its readers that some of the German wines are as sour as vinegar, and as rough as a file. “It is remarked of the wines of Stutgard,” says this authority, “that one is like a cat

scampering down your throat head foremost, and another is like drawing the same cat back again by its tail."

XLII. YANKEE FASTIDIOUSNESS.

A Boston "Professor of Dancing" informs the public that he teaches on "purely *Christian* principles;" while a picture dealer assures his friends that all the works of art exhibited on his premises have "a strictly *moral* tendency." By-and-by, we suppose, for the purpose of ensuring the *custom* of the Dissenters, we shall have "Anabaptist" pigs, and "Wesleyan" ante-feminines.

XLIII. CRAB APPLE ELOQUENCE.

The following jury speech was perpetrated in Illinois, by a buck-eye lawyer of those parts. It was upon the case of a *dead cow*:

Gentlemen of the jury—it are one thing for a man to be brought up, and it are another thing for him to think he are; as for that are man, (his opponent,) I don't think he war ever brought up at all, but jist naturally fatched down on a raft! He have said a great deal about vexatious suits, and sich; but, gentlemen, if he had a come down to this court,

and hadn't found no suits on docket, I guess there'd a been another sort of vexation then. And vexatious or not, the gentleman gets as many fees out on 'em as anybody else. He have told you that we have not proved our cow to be worth a single cent, and that you don't know that she was worth any thing. Now this are not the idea of a sound and legal lawyer, but are the notion of a mushroom! Sir, there never war a cow since the days of old Adam that war not worth a single cent—for if she warn't worth nothing for a breed cow, she are worth something for her hide and *taller*, and the tail goes with the hide! He have said much more about our evidence. Now this are not a criminal case, and we an't obliged to have *prima facie* evidence. If it war a criminal case, like murder, then, before you could find him guilty, you must have *prima facie* evidence of the fact—I say *prima facie* evidence, that is, self-evident of itself! But this an't a criminal case, and we an't bound to have *prima facie* evidence. And now I think on't, the gentleman told you it war a civil suit for damages, and he said the law I read to you war for a criminal offence. It war so, gentleman, and I read it to you to show you what we mought have done, if we had a choose to be vexatious as the gentleman supposed—we mought have made a criminal case, but we

didn't—and now, gentlemen, I'll tell you a case that came into my head, but I don't know what it is. A man was tuck up for stealing ducks, and they tried him, and was going to find him guilty, when he proved that they were all drakes, and so they didn't have prima evidence of the fact. But as I said before, gentlemen, we an't in a criminal case, and we an't bound to have prima facie evidence. The gentleman have said his client's are a hard case. It are a hard case, gentlemen of the jury, and it ought for to be; for what says the good book—it says, "The ways of the transgressors are always hard!" and that's the reason why the gentleman's client's are a hard one.

XLIII. MATRIMONY.—A TASTY NOTICE.

The editor of the Exeter News Letter having been imposed upon by some wicked wag, who forwarded to him a fictitious notice of a marriage, has given notice that he will in future deem all matrimonial notices unauthentic, unless accompanied by a large slice of bride cake.

XLIV. TEDIOUS SONGS.

A musician, in giving notice of an intended concert at Cleveland, Ohio, said, "A variety of other songs may be expected, *too tedious* to mention."

XLV. PICKLED FRIENDS.

There is an ancient proverb which says that "a man must eat a peck of salt with his friend, before he can know him." We should judge that friendship so well *seasoned*, would last a long time. If every public officer was obliged to submit to a similar dosing, before being sworn into office, it might preserve him against *corruption*.

XLVI. CAUTION TO THE LADIES.

Mr. Charles James Fox, who advertises for a wife in the Evening Star, says he is handsome and rich. Ladies, beware! don't believe him:—his handsomeness consists in a turn-up nose, and his wealth in a turn-up bedstead.

XLVII. MUSQUITOES.

Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast iron kettle among "them critters," and their bills will make a watering pot of it before the next morning.

XLVIII. AMERICAN SATIRE.

An American journal of a late date has the following:—"We learn from an English newspaper

that, on the occasion of the queen entering Brighton a short time since, a gentleman was thrown from his horse with great violence, through coming in contact with a *fly*, and very seriously injured. Thank Heaven ! we have no such *terrible flies* in our country."

XLIX. A BOILED PIG.

A boiled pig is a rarity :—Well, we boiled one but one of our chaps covered him with dissolved India rubber after he was potted. He biled and biled for six hours—and was served up ; but when the knife was popped into the critter, he up and bolted. Now, you see, the India rubber kept out the water, so he couldn't die ; he was a bit of suspended animation, and the first touch of the knife woke him up. And he now carries his waterproof carcass up and down Orleans, and don't care a cuss for the rain !

L. NEGRO JOCKEYS.

Here is Sam Slick's opinion upon the science of buying, selling, swapping, and enticing away darkies :—

It takes a considerable cute man to make a horse jockey, and a little grain of the rogue too, for there is no mistake about the matter—you must lie a few to put 'em off well. Now that's only the lowest grade of knowledge. It takes more skill yet to be a nigger jockey. A nigger jockey, said the Cariboo, for heaven's sake what is that? I never heered the term afore since I was a created sinner. I hope I may be shot if I did. Possible! said I, never heer'd tell of a nigger jockey? My sakes, you must come to the States then—we'll put more wrinkles on your horns in a month there than you'll get here in twenty years, for these critters don't know nothing. A nigger jockey, sir, says I, is a gentleman that trades in niggers—buys them in one state and sells them in another, where they arn't known. It's a beautiful science, is nigger flesh; it's what the lawyers call a liberal profession. Uncle Enoch made enough in one year's tradin' in niggers, to buy a splendid plantation; but it ain't every one that's up to it. A man must have his eye-teeth cut afore he takes up that trade, or he is apt to be let in for himself, instead of putting a leak in others; that's a fact.—Niggers don't show their age like white folks, and they are most always older than they look. A little rest, ilein' the joints, good feed, a clean shirt, a

false tooth or two,* and dying the wool black, if it's got gray, keeping 'em close shaved, and jist givin' 'em a glass o' whiskey or two afore the sale to brighten up the eye, has put off many an old nigger of fifty-five for forty.—It does more than trimmin' and groomin' a horse, by a long chalk. Then, if a man knows geography, he fixes on a spot in next state for meetin agin, slips a few dollars in Sambo's hand, and Sambo slips the halter off in the manger, meets massa there, and is sold a second time agin. Wash the dye out, let the beard grow, and remove the tooth, and the devil himself couldn't swear to him again.

LI. ANTIPODEAN DIVER.

Sam Patch was a great diver, and the last dive he took was off the Falls of Niagara, and he was never heerd of agin till t'other day, when Captain Enoch Wentworth, of the *Susy Ann*, whaler, saw him in the South Sea. "Why," says Captain

* There appears to be one trick of the "nigger" traders that Sam is not entirely up to in the way of dentistry. Their owners, when they have a toothless piece of property, have been known to put kernels of Virginia corn, flat and white, in their jaws, set in red putty, which do well enough until they begin to sprout.—*Note by Ed. N. O. Picayune.*

Enoch to him, "Why, Sam," says he, "how *on airth* did you get here? I thought you was drowned at the Canadian lines." "Why," says Sam, "I didn't get *on earth* here at all, but I came slap *through* it. In that are Niagara dive I went so everlastingly deep, I thought it was just as short to come up t'other side, so out I came in these parts. If I don't take the shine off the sea serpent when I get back to Boston, then my name's not Sam Patch."

LII. QUITE CONSIDERATE.

"*The ruling passion,*" &c.—The Baltimore Transcript has the following:—"I wonder if Bill has saved my skates," was the first exclamation of a lad after restoration of speech, who with his brother had been pulled out of the water almost lifeless, into which they had fallen while skating.

LIII. HIC JACET.

One day, when Dr. Channing was paying the toll on a turnpike road in America, he perceived a notice of "whiskey, rum, tobacco, &c.," on a board which bore a strong resemblance to a grave stone. "I am glad to see," said the doctor to the girl who

received the toll, "that you have been burying those things." "And if we had," said the girl, "I don't doubt you would have gone *chief mourner*!"

LIV. HUMAN ASHES.

Men in a mob are like a coal-fire. So long as the coals keep together, they impart ignition the one to the other—but when one falls through the grate upon the hearth, it goes out directly. A mobocrat standing alone, is the most imbecile creature in existence.

LV. BLACK TEA.

Mrs. B——, being requested by her dear husband to make the tea, and put on some coals, absolutely emptied the tea-caddy upon the fire, and filled the tea-pot from the coal-scuttle! Nor was this mistake discovered until after the fourth cup, when her husband remarked that he thought it was the *blackest* tea he had ever drank.

LVI. CONSIDERABLE OF A SHAKE.

The Buffalo Mercury says that the ague has been so severe in "them parts" that a person afflicted with it actually shook the *toe-nails* off his *finger-ends*.

LVII. DR. JOHNSON IN PETTICOATS.

An old newspaper records the saying of a young lady, somewhere in the remote country parts of Yankee-land, who, being asked at a tea party if she used sugar, replied: "I have an invincible repugnance to sugar, for, according to my cogitations upon the subject, the suavity of the sugar nullifies the flavority of the tea, and renders it vastly obnoxious."

LVIII. MOVING BUILDINGS.

A New York paper says:—"Mechanical feats, in the way of moving large brick buildings, are constantly going on. The great house of the dispensary in Centre street has been sent back ten feet without injury. A large store on the south side of Fulton-market is now on the screws, and is to be raised three feet. There are one hundred and fifty tons of tobacco in the lofts, which it is not thought necessary to take out!"

LIX. CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO.

Poor King James little bethought him, when he published his counter-blast, that, at this period, more than *sixteen millions'* worth of the manufactured

weed would be annually chewed, puffed, and sneezed away by the people of the United States alone !

LX. TRIUMPH OF ART.

Zeuxis is said to have made so perfect an imitation of grapes, that the birds came and pecked at them. The *chef d'œuvre* of this most celebrated artist of antiquity has now, however, been far surpassed by the genius of our talented fellow-townsmen, that promising young artist, Mr. King Jefferson, who has lately produced so vivid a painting of the above fruit, as to enable his respected mother to make three bottles and a half of most delicious wine, equal to the best Champagne, prepared from the genuine article. Truly, wonders will never cease ! [It is to be hoped that Congress will not overlook this favourable opportunity for setting on foot a grand national speculation, and developing a new and important feature in the internal resources of this great republic.]

LXI. TRAVELLING QUALITIES.

We Yankees are accustomed to boast that no other nation can equal us in facilities for quick travelling. Judging by the numerous steamboat

disasters of late, we think the assumption correct, and that we travel faster than any other people—from this world to the next.

LXII. ICE CREAMS.

Last winter, it is said a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and became so cold that she has milked nothing but *ice creams* ever since.

LXIII. VICE-VERSA.

As a canal-boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning by calling aloud "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, who was in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping his head out of the window, which received a severe thump, by coming in contact with a pillar of the bridge. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed, "Dese Amerikans say 'Look out!' when dey mean 'Look in!'"

LXIV. NEW SPORT FOR OLD JOHN.

A tavern-keeper in Long Island advertises a fat hog to be *guessed* for at a dollar a guess; the guesser guessing nearest the weight of the hog to

have him. We guess this new game of skill will be adopted by that incorrigible gamester, old John Bull, and guessing become as much in vogue throughout the old England as it has been in the new.

LXV. HAPPY IDEA.

We once knew of a fellow who fancied he was a jackass. The beauty of it was, he wasn't much mistaken.

LXVI. SHARP RETORT.

Will you lend father your newspaper, sir ? he only just wants to read it !” “ Yes, my boy ; and ask him to lend me his dinner—I only just want to eat it !”

LXVII. CRUEL COLD WEATHER.

“ A teasing night, last night, Sam ; our thermometer was several degrees below zero.” “ Below Nero ? why, our glass was more nor forty degrees below nothing—and it would have been much lower, only the glass was not long enough.”

LXVIII. DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The Boston Herald has the following infallible ecipe:—“ To make pie, play at blindman's buff in

a printing office ; to have music at dinner, tell your wife she is not so handsome as the lady who lives across the way ; to save butter, make it so salt that nobody can eat it."

LXIX. CUTE CRITICISM.

Burton, in his *Letters from the Lower Lakes*, says, "I wish to mention a very curious critique given by a western man, on one of those tragedians who tear a passion to tatters, and split the ears of the groundlings. He was asked his opinion of a performance which was more than usually energetic in the fifth act. 'Why,' said he, 'I reckon the fellow hollered well, and is a pretty smart sort of a boy ; he knocked up a decent chunk of a fight with that chap in the red breeches, and looked raal wolfish at the king himself—but I think, in the last part of his capers, that he was *piling on the agony a leetle too stiff*.'"

LXX. SMART RETORT.

The subjoined specimen of the "*amende honorable*," ought to satisfy any reasonable being:—"We yesterday spoke of Mr. H. of the —— theatre, as a 'thing.' Mr. H. having complained of our re-

mark, we willingly retract, and here state that Mr. H. of the —— theatre, is *no-thing*."

LXXI. LEX TALIONIS.

"What sort of a day's work have you made of it?" asked a prig of his companion. "Awfully equal! I've lost my handkerchief, and stole a knife."

LXXII. PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

A Yankee lover once told his mistress that if he had as many lives as *Plutarch*, he would risk them all for her.

LXXIII. A NEAT TURN.

"Turn out, turn out, or by golly I'll serve you as I did a man t'other day," hollowed a Jonathan, who with his gal in a lumber box, was about coming in contact with a dandy in a fine gig. The affrighted beau turned out, for he was sadly terrified at the mysterious threat, and as brother Jonathan was passing, asked how he served the other man? "Why, I turned out myself."

LXXIV. THE GRANDILOQUENT CORPORAL.

A captain in the U. States Infantry, when serving with Gen. Jackson against the Indians, was put un-

der arrest, and not being brought to a court-martial for a considerable time, he tendered his resignation. The following is the concluding passage in his letter :—" In leaving the service, I am not abandoning the cause of republicanism, but yet hope to brandish the glittering steel in the field, and carve my way to a name which shall prove my country's neglect; and when this mortal part shall be closed in the dust, and the soul shall wing its flight to the regions above, in passing by the pale moon, I shall hang my hat on brilliant Mars, and make a report to each superlative star ! and arriving at the portal of heaven's chancery, shall demand of the attending angel to be ushered into the presence of Washington."

LXXV. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Two farmers from one of the remote parts of Georgia were passing near the Charleston and Augusta railroad, when the locomotive engine belonging to it came by. "What's that?" says one. "Indeed I hardly know myself," said his friend, "but I've heard that there has been a great deal said in Charleston about the tariff, and I expect that's it."

LXXVI. SCRIPTURAL QUOTATIONS.

In a certain village lived a very honest farmer, who having a number of men hoeing in the field,

went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered, "I thirst for the *spirit*." "*Grog*, you mean, I suppose," said the farmer; "but if the Bible teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says also, '*Hoe!* every one that thirsteth.'"

LXXVII. A WATCHMAN'S LOGIC.

"Let go, watchy!—let go, my cauliflower! Your cocoa is very near a sledge-hammer. If it isn't hard, it may get cracked."

"Pooh! pooh! don't be onasy, my darlint—my cocoa is a corporation cocoa—it belongs to the city, and they'll get me a new one. Besides, my jewel, there's two cocoas standing here, you know. Don't be onasy—it mayn't be mine that will get cracked."

"I ain't onasy," said Dabbs, bitterly, as he turned fiercely round. "I ain't onasy. I only want to caution you, or I'll upset your apple cart, and spill your peaches."

"I'm not in the wegetable way, my ownself, Mr. Horse-radish. You must make less noise."

"Now, look here—look at me well," said Dabbs, striking his fist hard upon his own bosom; "I'm a real nine foot breast of a fellow—stub twisted and made of horse shoe nails—the rest of me is cast iron with

steel springs. I'll stave my fist right through you, and carry you on my elbow, as easily as if you were an empty market basket—I will—bile me up for soap if I don't!"

"Ah, indeed! why, you must be a real Calcutta-from-Canting, warranted not to cut in the eye. Snakes is no touch to you; but I'm sorry to say you must knuckle down close. You must surrender; there's no help for it—none in the world."

"Square yourself, then, for I'm coming! Don't you hear the clock-vorks?" exclaimed Dabbs, as he shook off the grip of the officer, and struck an attitude.

He stood beautifully; feet well set; guard well up; admirable science, yet fearful to look upon. Like the Adriatic, Dabbs was "lovelily dreadful" on this exciting occasion. But when "Greek meets Greek," fierce looks and appalling circumstances amount to nothing. The opponent of our hero, after regarding him coolly for a moment, whistled with great contempt, and with provoking composure beat down his guard with a smart blow from a heavy mace, saying,—

"'Taint no use, no how—you're all used up for bait."

"Ouch!" shrieked Dabbs; "my eye, how it hurts! Don't hit me again. Ah, good-man, but

you're a bruiser. One, two, three, from you would make a person believe any thing, even if he was sure it wasn't true."

"Very well," remarked the *macerator*, "all I want of you is to behave nice and genteel, and believe you're going to the watch'us, for it's true; and if you don't believe it yet, why (shaking his mace) I shall feel obligated to convince you again."

Charcoal Sketches.

LXXVIII. BLACK HAWK'S SON.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were looking at a gallery of Indian portraits, when the likenesses of Black Hawk, his son, and the prophet were exhibited to their notice. A young lady was pleased with the face of the junior warrior, and inquired his name. The exhibitor could only assure her that he had always been called Black Hawk's Son, and never had any other name. "Why," said a wag, "he must be the famous *Tommy Hawk*—I have often heard that name in connexion with Indian matters."

LXXIX. NEW BOARD OF HEALTH.

"When shall I find relief from this infernal cholic that is tearing my inside to pieces?" said a

merchant in Market street the other day. "Not till *The Internal Improvements* Bill goes into operation," said John Jones.

LXXX. AN OF-FISH-US LADY.

Mrs. Grinks is about five feet eleven in her stockings, and something more in her shoes when heels are in fashion; her nose is constructed on the cut-water principle, and is precisely the instrument to make its way through a crowd, for it looks as well calculated to gash those who do not make way, as a tomahawk. Her one eye is used to keep her nose in a proper direction, and her voice when she chooses to employ its lower notes, strongly resembles the slamming of the front door, or the report of a loquacious window-shutter; but when she ascends into *alt*, the north-west wind through a key-hole could not be more penetrating. The distant sound of it sets the teeth of a whole neighbourhood on edge, and gives a vinegar look to all the people.

When she dealt a little in shad, no one after inquiring the price, dared venture on the attempt at cheapening the finny commodity.

"Is that the lowest, Mrs. Grinks?" would be the query. "Why, sattenly—what d'ye 'spect?—fishes is fishes now and shads is skurce, drat 'em," and

Mrs. Grinks would slap two shad together until they cracked like a musket, or a swivel ; “ skurce enough, the scaly rascalions,—and as the profits is small, them as prices ought to buy, so’s to pay a feller for her time used in talking—petickelarly when a feller’s a widder :” and slap would go the fishes again to the great discomposure of the nerves of every one in the vicinity.

Now, although the remark of Mrs. Grinks about being a “ widder feller” was a mere figure of speech, and not founded in fact, yet the appeal was generally successful. Indeed, the pathos apart, there was something in her tone, in her Patagonian frame, in her expressive attitude, holding a shad by the tail in each hand like a war club, and in her well-known choleric temper, which made the address irresistible. Mark Antony himself over his Cæsar was not more persuasive than Grinks over her “ skurse shads.”

“ It’s well she bought ’em,” would be the reflection of Mrs. Grinks on the occasion ; “ for if there’s any thing I hate to do, it’s being obligated to flop a customer over the noddle with a shad, ’specially if it’s a lady with a bran new tearin’ fine bonnet—a hard flop with a shad always spiles spring fashions ; but them as prices has got to buy—I sticks up for principle, and if they won’t buy, it goes agin my

feelin's, but flop 'em I must. We must keep people from gittin too sassy, or by'mby they'll take our shads for nothin', and ask us to carry 'em home 'into the bargain."

LXXXI. TRANSMUTATION EXTRAORDINARY.

A gentleman went to the cupboard for a dram. Being in a state of mental alienation, he swallowed the contents of a bottle which contained oil used for turning light hair black. He instantly commenced changing colour, and has since become a perfect negro. The deep grief of his beauteous and devoted wife is said to be absolutely heart-rending

LXXXII. THE FASCINATING EDITOR.

The editor of the Bayville Gazette is said to be so handsome that, when he walks abroad, he is compelled to carry a club to keep the ladies off.

LXXXIII. A RARA AVIS.

A cat, belonging to a widow, sat lately upon half a dozen duck eggs, and continued her attentions until the eggs were hatched; and there is now to be seen a fine brood of six young ones, half duck

and half cat, having duck's heads and cat's tails ; and what is still more wonderful, they mew and quack alternately.

LXXXIV. HYPERION TO A SATYR.

The celebrated Eclipse must have been a fool the horse that won the gold cup at our last races. He was so swift that a flash of lightning was once known to be a quarter of an hour dogging him round a field before it caught him.

LXXXV. DINING WITH THE PRESIDENT.

Colonel Crockett gives the following account of his dining with the president:—"Well, I walked all round the long table, looking for something that I liked. At last I took my seat jist beside a fat goose, and I helped myself to as much of it as I wanted. But I hadn't took three bites, when I looked away, up the table, at a man they called *Tash* (attache). He was talking French to a woman on t'other side of the table. He dodged his head, and she dodged her's, and then they got to drinking wine across the table. But when I looked back again, my plate was gone, goose and all. So

I jist cast my eyes down to t'other end of the table, and sure enough, I seed a white man walking off with my plate. I says, 'Hello, Mister, bring back my plate.' He fetched it back in a hurry, as you may think; and when he set it down before me, how do you think it was? Licked as clean as my hand. If it wasn't, I wish I may be shot. Says he, 'What will you have, sir?' And says I, 'You may well say that, after stealing my goose.' And he began to laugh. Then says I, 'Mister, laugh if you please; but I don't half like such tricks upon travellers.' I then filled my plate with bacon and greens; and whenever I looked up or down the table, I held on to my plate with my left hand. When we were all done eating, they cleared every thing off the table, and took away the table-cloth. And what do you think? There was another cloth under it. If there wasn't, I wish I may be shot. Then I saw a man coming along, carrying a great glass thing, with a glass handle below, something like a candlestick. It was stuck full of little glass cups, with something in them that looked good to eat. Says I, 'Mister, bring that thing here!' Thinks I, 'Let's taste them first.' They were everlasting sweet, and mighty good, so I took a dozen of 'em. If I didn't, I wish I may be shot."

LXXXVI. A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

A St. Louis paper says, that the anthracite coal, found lately in Missouri, looks like coal, feels like coal, and smells like coal; all the difference is, that coal burns, and that will not!

LXXXVII. A LIVE SPECIMEN.

A covey came into a tavern in New York, when I was last in that city. He was dressed in five jackets, all of which failed to conceal his raggedness, and as he bolted in he exclaimed,—“Worse than I look, by ——. But no matter; I’ve let myself for fourteen dollars a month, and find my own prog and lodging.” “To do what?” said the bar-keeper. “To stand at the corner for a paper-mill sign—‘cash for rags’—that’s all. I’m about to enter upon the stationary business, you see.” He tossed off his grog, and bustled out to begin his day’s work.

LXXXVIII. YANKEE COURTSHIP.

Jonathan Bumbatter saw Prudence Feastall at meeting. Jonathan sidled up to Prudence arter meeting, and she kind a sidled off. He went closer,

and axed her if she would accept the crook of his elbow. She resolved she would, and plumped her arm right round his'n. Jonathan felt alloverish, and said he liked the text: "seek and ye shall find," was purty good readin. Prudence hinted that "ask and yeshall receive," was better: Jonathan thought so too; but this axing was a puzzler. A feller was apt to get into a snarling, which warn't no fun. Prudence guessed strawberries and cream were slick. Jonathan thought they warn't so slick as Pru's lips. "Now don't," said Pru, and she guv Jonathan's arm an involuntary hug. He was a little started, but thought his farm wanted some female help to look arter the house. Pru knew how to make real good bread. "Now don't," said Pru. "If I should," said Jonathan. "Now don't," said Pru. "Maybe you wouldn't—" and Jonathan shuck all over, and Prudence replied, "If you be coming that game, you'd better tell feyther." "That's jist what I want," said Jonathan, and in three weeks Jonathan and Prudence were "my old man," and "my old woman."

LXXXIX. POETRY IN A PUCKER.

In a capital article in *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, on "The Poetry of Niagara," amongst

other effusions, penned by various visitors to the Falls, we find the following :

I've drank at least six strong gin slings,
In hopes to give my fancy wings :
I've beat my brains for near an hour,
But cannot feel poetic power.
With pencil poised, and asses' skin,
I've walked without—I've sat within—
Trying to fix up something fit
To put my name to when 'tis writ.
Here, bring more gin ! I'll raise the steam !
I think I have a transient gleam.
I crawled, undress'd, beneath the sheet,
But, frighten'd at the desperate feat,
I sneak'd back rapidly again—
The *sheet* gave me a *counter-pain*.
I fear'd, too, lest my giddy head
Should throw me in the river's *bed* ;
And none would *bolster* my wife's *pillow*,
If I was laid beneath the billow.
I donn'd my clothes, my money paid,
And nothing by my motion made,
For a cockney friend observed, "I'll bet
Your asses' skin vas made *vell-vet*."

The following was written by a Philadelphian, who must have felt particularly inspired by the majesty of his subject :

Niagara ! Niagara !

I swear you are a staggerer !

I don't wish to be a bragger, or

A consequential swaggerer—

Yet still I vow, Niagara,

Your falls are quite a staggerer.

XC. MILITARY PRIDE.

An honest old Dutch farmer, in the interior of Pennsylvania, was elected corporal in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantage which the family would derive from his exaltation, inquired in a doubting tone, "I guess it won't be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbours' now?" One of the little urchins eagerly asked, "Are we not all corporals?" "Hold your tongue," said the mother, "there is no one corporal but your father and myself."

XCI. A NEW ANIMAL.

A Kentuckian stood gazing at the large bill outside a wild beast show, or travelling menagerie, be-

ginning with the line, "*The Grand Caravan*," alluding, of course, to the van or vehicle which contained the animals. He paid his shilling, and went in. After some little sojourn, he returned to the doorkeeper, saying, "Mister, I've seen your nozzy-cross, and your ellifint, and your babboons, and your sarpints,—but I'm not to be swindled, no how you can fix it. I mean to keep you in your tracks—where the hell is the beast you call the grand *ea-raa-van*?"

XCII. INDICATION OF GENIUS.

I'm chock full of genius, and running over; for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. I hate going to bed, and I hate getting up. My conduct is very eccentric and singular. I have the miserable melancholics all the time, and I'm pretty nearly always as cross as thunder, which is a sure sign. Genius is as tender as a skinned cat, and flies into a passion whenever you touch it. When I condescend to unbuzzum myself, for a little sympathy, to folks of ornery intellect—and, comparisond to me, I know very few people that ar'n't ornery as to brains—and pour forth the feelings indigginus to a poetic soul, which is always bilng, they ludricate my sitation, and say

they don't know what the deuse I'm driving at Isn't genius always served o' this fashion in the earth, as Hamlet, the boy after my own heart, says? And when the slights of the world, and of the printers, set me in a fine frenzy, and my soul swells, and swells till it almost tears the shirt off my buzzum, and even fractures my dickey—when it expansuates and elevates me above the common herd, they laugh again, and tell me not to be pompious. The poor plebinians, and worse than Russian scurfs! It is the fate of genius—it is his'n, or rather I should say her'n—to go through life with little sympathization, and less cash. Life's a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes tore in its trousers. *Charcoal Sketches.*

XCIII. A QUEER HALF.

A boy once complained of his bedfellow for taking half the bed—"And why not?" said his mother, "he's entitled to half, aint he?" "Yes, mother," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him take out all the soft for his half? He will have his half right out o' the middle; and I have to sleep both sides of him."

XCIV. SAVING TIME.

A clergyman, who had considerable of a farm, as was generally the case in our forefathers' days, went out to see one of his labourers, who was ploughing in the field, and he found him sitting upon his plough, resting his team. "John," said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here, and be hubbing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?" John, with a countenance which might well have become the divine himself, instantly returned—"Would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swingling-board in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to swingle a little flax?" The reverend gentleman turned on his heel, laughed heartily, and said no more about hubbing bushes.

XCV. THE AMERICAN CHARACTER.

"We are born in a hurry," says an American writer; "we are educated with speed; we make a fortune with a wave of a wand, and lose it in like manner, to re-make and re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, travelling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit is a high-pressure engine; our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke."

XCVI. CAUSES OF AMERICAN DISTRESS.

At the time of the late American failures, the following paragraph appeared in one of the New York daily journals:—"The present evils which afflict the country, are the joint productions of all parties and all classes. They have been produced by over-banking, over-trading, over-spending, over-dashing, over-driving, over-reaching, over-cheating, over-borrowing, over-eating, over-drinking, over-praying, over-sinning, over-thinking, over-playing, over-riding, over-tippling, over-fiddling, and over-acting, of every kind and description, except *over-ploughing*, which alone is the foundation of society, and the corner-stone of civilization. In such a country as this, with millions of acres of fine rich land, and plenty of room to move in, we cannot over-plough; and, by a very natural consequence, we cannot over-marry, unless a man is mad enough to take two wives, and in that case the crime always carries its own punishment with it."

XCVII. DESCRIPTION OF A TEE-TOTALLER.

I once travelled through all the state of Maine with one of them are chaps. He was as thin as a whippin-post. His skin looked like a blown bladder

after some of the air has leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that's livin on a short allowance of ile. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly: real gander-gutted lookin critter, as holler as a bamboo walking cane, and twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I, Lor a massy on your clients, you hungry, half-starved looking critter, you; you'll eat 'em up alive as sure as I'm born. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp.

XCVIII. A BACKWOODS JUDGE'S CHARGE.

Murder, gentlemen, is where a man is murderously killed. The killer in such a case is a murderer. Now, murder by poison is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the murdering which constitutes murder in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing, and manslaughter another; therefore, if it is not manslaughter it must be murder. Self-murder has nothing to do with this case. One man cannot commit *felo-de-se* on another; that is clearly my view. Gentle-

men, I think you can have no difficulty. Murder, I say, is murder. The murder of a father is called fratricide ; but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You will make up your minds. You know what murder is, and I need not tell you what it is not. I repeat, murder is murder. You can retire upon it, if you like.

XCIX. TRUE POLITENESS.

I have met with many polite men in my time, but no one who possessed in a greater degree, what may be called true spontaneous politeness, than Mr. H. of New York, whom I look upon as the politest man I ever did see ; for when he asked me to take a drink at his own sideboard, he turned his back upon me, that I mightn't be ashamed to fill as much as I wanted. This was what I call doing the fair thing.

Crockett's Texas.

C. TITLES.

Several years ago there was a young English nobleman figuring away at Washington. He had not much brains, but a vast number of titles, which, notwithstanding our pretended dislike to them, have sometimes the effect of tickling the ear amazingly

Several young ladies were in debate, going over the list—he is Lord Viscount so and so, Baron of such a county, &c. “My fair friends,” exclaimed the gallant Lieutenant N——, “one of his titles you appear to have forgotten.” “Ah,” exclaimed they eagerly, “what is that?” “He is *Barren of Intellect*,” was the reply.

CI. SLIPPERY PLACES.

A fellow coming out of a tavern one icy morning, rather *blue*, he fell on the door step. Trying to regain his footing, he remarked, “If, as the Bible says, the wicked *stand* on slippery places, I must belong to a different class, for it is more than I can do.”

CII. COSMOGONICAL SQUINTINGS.

AMERICA. Money not to be smelt under cent. per cent. General shaving—universal Barber-ism—Lynch Law—literal distress—great scarcity of V.’s, X.’s, L.’s, and C.’s. No trust but distrust. Great cuttings up ‘cause *cotting*’s down. Every bank like the mammoth—the specie’s extinct.

MEXICO. Losing Texas, and gaining taxes. Rows riz. Revolution once a month. Two presi-

dents, and a thousand vices. General row, General discontent, General Bustamente.

POLAND.—*past*. Wo-land—*present*. No-land—*future*.

SPAIN. Within an ace of losing her queen by a knave—the king no trump. Civil war, Seville oranges, servile courtiers, save-all ministers, and several Dons done to a dungeon for donning Donna Maria's livery.

ENGLAND. Nothing moving but stagnation. War with the Church—Radicals running steeple chases. Dolorous signs from brother Jonathan, and sine-dollarous remittances.

RUSSIA. Rasher and rasher. Czar wants to spar, but not such a calf as to take the Bull by the horns.—Can't tell whether an autocrat ought to crow or to cry.

FRANCE. Louis Philippe doing badly—daily expecting a bullet-in. All Paris going gunning at *le monarque métallique*. Vaults groaning with gold, table set with silver—coach plated with platina, and covered with copper, to keep off steel knives, iron muzzles, and leaden balls, because his popularity is in a state of pewter-ification. Royalty rolling in riches, and manufacturers in misery. Another revolution hourly expected. Puppies pampered, and Lyons starved.

IRELAND. Taxes, tithes, and 'taters. Agitators, and their imitators—White-boys without a yellow-boy. Dozens of families without a thirteener. No rent paid but the O'Connell rent. Orange faction looking blue, and many a son of Green Erin without a red herring. *Burton's Gent. Magazine.*

CIII. SPEAK BY THE CARD.

The Baltimore Visitor gives the following:—
“How does the thermometer stand?” asked a father of his son. “It don’t stand at all, sir, it hangs:” was the reply. “Well, but I mean, how high is it?” “Just about five feet from the floor.” “Pooh, pooh, how does the mercury range?” “O, up and down,—perpendicularly.” The reader will remember another, similar.—“John, what is ratio?” “Ratio, sir?” “Yes, ratio.” “O, ratio, why, ratio is proportion.” “Very well. But what is proportion?” “O, proportion, sir, why, proportion is ratio!” “Certainly. But what are ratio and proportion both?” “I can only answer one question at a time!” said the boy.

CIV. A SIMILE.

A jeweller, in New York, advertises that he has a number of precious stones to dispose of;

adding, that they sparkle like the tears of a young widow.

CV. A LONG BEAU.

Among the *lulus naturæ* of the western states is a man, who is described as being so remarkably tall, that he requires a ladder to shave himself! The same individual never troubles his servant to sit up for him when he is out late at night, for he can, with the most perfect ease, put his arm down the chimney and unbolt the street door.

CVI. NOTICE.

The Loco-Foco member of the Middletown Convention, who took a pair of boots that did not belong to him, is requested to return them to the owner, or he will be exposed.—Signed, ONE WHO IS NOT YET READY FOR A DIVISION OF PROPERTY.

CVII. THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

In the days of the blue laws, of New England, a shoemaker was condemned to be hanged for something he had done; but, on the day appointed for his execution, they discovered that he was the only shoemaker in the place; so they hanged a

weaver in his stead; for they had more weavers than they knew what to do with.

CVIII. A VIOLENT FEVER.

One of the inmates of a lunatic asylum is said to have described the severity of his disease, and the consequences, in the following emphatic language: "The cold stage was so violent as to shake off the plastering of the room; the hot stage so intense that the lath took fire, and he should certainly have perished in the flames, had not the profuse perspiration which followed, extinguished the fire, and saved himself and the house from entire destruction."

CIX. TARNATION CUTE.

There is a man in Nashville, who is so tarnation cute, that when he rises of a morning, he puts his hand out of the window *to feel if it is light!*

CX. THE KENTUCKIAN AMONG LADIES.

"Were you never among fire ladies?" asked Chevillere. "Yes; and flummocks me if I want to be so fixèd again; for there I sat with my feet straight down under my knees, head up, and hands

laid close along my legs, like a new recruit on drill, or a horse on the stocks; and twist me if I didn't feel as I was about to be nicked. The whole company stared at me as if I had come without an invite, and I swear I thought my arms had grown a foot longer, for I couldn't get my hands into no sort of a comfortable fix: first I tried them on my lap; there they looked like going to prayers, or if I was tied in that way: then I slung 'em down by my side, and they looked like two weights to a clock: and then I wanted to cross my legs, and I tried that, but my leg stuck out like a pump-handle. Then my head stuck up through a glazed shirt collar, like a pig in a poke; then I wanted to spit, but the floor looked so fine that I would as soon have thought of spitting on the window; and then, to fix me out and out, they asked us all to sit down to dinner! Well, things went on smooth enough for a while, till we had got through one whet at it. Then an imp of a nigger came to me first, with a waiter of little bowls full of something, and a parcel of towels slung over his arm; so I clapped one of the bowls to my head, and drank it down at a swallow. Now, sir, what do you think was in it?" "Punch, I suppose," said Chevillere, laughing; "or, perhaps, apple toddy." "So I thought, and so would anybody, as dry as I was, and that wanted something to wash down the

fainty stuffs I had been laying in ; but no, it was water ! Yes, you may laugh ; but it was clean warm water ! The others dipped their fingers into the bowls, and wiped them on the towels as well as they could for giggling ; but it was all the fault of that pampered nigger in bringing it to me first. As soon as I caught his eye, I gin him a wink, as much as to let him know if ever I caught him on my trail, I would wipe him down with a hickory towel."

CXI. A TOUCH OF O'CONNELLISM.

The House of Representatives (Ohio) on Saturday proceeded to elect an associate judge for the Court of Common Pleas for Jackson county ; and the member for that county, very much to his surprise, and quite contrary to his wish, received a majority of the votes for that office. He was enraged ; while the votes were counting, his eyes flashed fire ; and when the tellers had counted forty-one votes for him, he boiled over. " Sir !" cried he to the Speaker—" there are *forty-one scoundrels* in this House !" The tellers proceeded, and counted eleven more for him ; whereupon he rose again, and with intense vehemence exclaimed—" I said, sir, there were *forty-one* scoundrels in this House ; I have since ascertained that there are *eleven more* !"

So saying, he departed ; and has since resigned his seat, the associate judgeship going along with it of course.

CXII. MORE SNAKES.

“ We are desired to announce the extraordinary birth of a most extraordinary litter of juvenile serpents at Copp’s Hotel, the old Lebanon ; where a matronly serpent last week discounted sixty offspring. We have not much faith in *sea serpents*, but anybody may now *see serpents* all alive and writhing by calling at the hotel.” *Troy Trumpet*.

CXIII. ELECTIONEERING.

Colonel Crockett says:—“ When you see me electioneering, I goes fixed for the purpose. I’ve got a suit of deer-leather clothes, with two big pockets ; so I puts a bottle of whiskey in one, and a twist of tobacco in t’other, and starts out : then, if I meets a friend, why, I pulls out my bottle and gives him a drink. He’ll be mighty apt, before he drinks, to throw away his tobacco ; so when he’s done, I pulls out my twist out of t’other pocket, and gives him a *chaw* ; I never likes to leave a man worse off than when I found him. If I had given

him a drink, and he had lost his tobacco, he wouldn't have made much; but give him tobacco and a drink too, and you are mighty apt to get his vote."

CXIV. LOVE LETTERS.

A young lady, about to sue for a breach of promise, placed the love letters she had received in a bag, for the purpose of producing in court; when, sad to relate, their own natural warmth caused spontaneous combustion, and ashes alone remained.

CXV. A GOOD SHOT.

Two passengers coming down the Mississippi in a steamboat, were amusing themselves with shooting birds on shore from the deck. Some sporting converse ensued. One remarked that he would turn his back to no man in killing racoons—that he had repeatedly shot fifty a day. "What o' that?" said a Kentuckian, "I make nothing of killing a hundred 'coon a day, or'nary luck." "Do you know Captain Scott, of our state?" asked a Tennessean bystander, "he now is something like a shot. A hundred 'coon! why, he never pints at one without hitting him. He never misses, and the 'coons know it. T'other day he levelled at an old 'un, in a high

tree ; the varmint looked at him a minute, and then bawled out, ‘Halloo, Cap’n Scott! is that you?’ ‘Yes,’ was the reply. ‘Well, pray don’t shoot, I’ll come down to you—I’ll give in—I’m dead beat.’”

CXVI. SMALL CHANGE.

The demand for small change has become so great that all the cabinets of coins seem to have been rifled to furnish something to serve the purpose. Copper coins of every nation under the sun seem to be in circulation ; and some that no nation under the sun would be willing to acknowledge.

CXVII. MIS-APPLIED.

The Boston papers say that “the acting of Miss Davenport in *Richard*, absolutely *electrified* the audience.” We saw the same little woman in that character in New York, and her performance was *shocking* enough in all conscience. She not only “smothered the babies,” but gagged the audience.

N. O. Picayune.

CXVIII. THE GOOD-NATURED ONE.

“Because I was good-natured, I had to go with everybody frolicking, tea-partying, excursioning, and

busting; and for the same reason, I was always appointed treasurer to make the distribution when there wasn't a cent of surplus revenue in the treasury but my own. It was my job to pay all the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix, you know me'—'Salix, pony up at the bar, and lend us a levy'—'Salix always shells out like a gentleman.' O! to be sure, and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself—first out of my shop by old *venditioni exponas*, at the state house—old *fiery fash 'us* to me directed. But they didn't direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods had gone out on a bust long before I busted. Next, I was shelled out of my boarding house; and now," (with a lugubrious glance at his shirt and pantaloons,) "I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes. It's a good thing they can't easy shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell-fish—an oyster with the kivers off."

Charcoal Sketches.

CXIX. CHANGING THE TUNE.

"Run, and get me an armful of wood," said a woman to her husband, one rainy day, "as you are wet and I am dry." The same plea was used for a dozen more errands. At last it was "Get me a

bucket of water, for you are wet and I am dry." The bucket of water was brought and thrown over her, the husband exclaiming, "Now do your share, for you are wet too."

CXX. A SAFE BET FOR BOTH PARTIES.

Two *bloods* recently entered a tavern in New York, where they had frequently resorted, and, calling for a supper and two bottles of Champagne, informed their host that they had laid a wager of such repast as they had ordered. They hoped he would wait for his pay until the decision, and then charge the amount to the loser. The landlord assented, and they sat down to a hearty supper. When they had finished, mine host had the curiosity to ask what was the nature of the bet; and he was not a little chagrined when he received for answer that it originated in a dispute as to the direction the Brick Meetinghouse steeple would take should it ever fall. The one bet it would fall east, the other, west. "When our wager is settled, landlord, we will call and settle our bill."

CXXI. TOWN MAKING.

Those who have been to the "far west" where towns are made in a night, (on paper,) sold in an

hour, and built up in a week, have seen the arts of speculators, making a map of the surrounding country, laying down railroads, and all centring in their towns; which is thus demonstrated to be the future "emporium of the west." The following anecdote takes off this practice of speculating to a T :

A fellow who had observed all the sellers of land, and seen all the canals, railroads, &c., which had been built on paper, brought a noble cow to one of the great land markets to sell. He placed her by the side of one of the land offices and offered her for sale. "What is the price?" asked one. "Sixty dollars," he answered. "Sixty dollars!" vociferated an astonished countryman, "why, is she worth so much!" "Here is a map of her," said the fellow, pulling out a paper, with a huge cow pictured upon it, from his breeches pocket; and he continued, "you see here the great Wildcat turnpike runs immediately under her tail to the city of the Swamps. Soon Lake canal will intersect her head on the top horn side, and the Cataract railroad passes directly through her! Gentlemen, don't all speak at once."

CXXII. A GOOD ONE.

The Boston Post says:—"The reason why cream is so dear is, that milk is risen so high the cream can't reach the top."

CXXIII. HOW TO CATCH OWLS AND RABBITS.

The Americans have a plan of catching owls and rabbits, which may appear rather curious to sportsmen on the other side of the Atlantic. "*To catch owls.*—When you discover one on a tree, and find that it is looking at you, all you have to do is to move quickly round the tree several times; when the owl—whose attention will be so firmly fixed in the mean time, that, forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head—will follow your motion with its eyes till it wrings its own head off. *To catch rabbits.*—Place apples in the parts where they frequent, after sprinkling them with snuff; and when they come to smell, the sudden effort to sneeze which they make never fails to break their necks, and even, in some cases, has been known to cause them to tumble heels over head a considerable distance."

CXXIV. A CUNNING CRITTER.

A bear always goes down a tree *starn foremost*. He is a cunning critter, he knows 'tain't safe to carry a heavy load over his head, for fear it might take a lurch, and carry him heels over head to the ground; so he lets his starn down first, and his head arter.

I wish the blue-noses would find as good an excuse for running backwards as he has. But the bear *cyphers*, he knows how many pounds his hams weigh, and he *calculates*, if he carried them up in the air, they might be top-heavy for him.

CXXV. A STRETCHER.

The Portlander says that the reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire boys are so tall "is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It's dreadful stretching work!"

CXXVI. A YANKEE TRICK.

Two Englishmen, fresh from the mother country, in travelling through the west on horseback, happened to pass an evening at a house situated on the banks of the Mississippi river, where they met with a Yankee pedlar, who had just disposed of his stock of goods, and was ready to go to any part of the world where interest might call him. By shrewd guesses, he soon found out every thing in relation to the circumstances, residence, and business of his companions, and then kindly gave a history of himself. He no sooner announced himself as a Yankee,

than the strangers, who had often heard of the shrewdness of their character, were all anxiety that he should play them a Yankee trick. This he modestly declined. They insisted; and offered to give him five dollars for a good Yankee trick. The money was taken with a promise, either to refund it, or play a good trick; and morning was selected as the time for an exhibition of the Yankee's skill. Pleased with each other, they all retired to bed in the same apartment; and when morning came, the Yankee rose up with the first light, gently dressed himself with the clothes of one of the strangers, took a pair of saddle-bags to which he had no title, and quietly leaving the house, was observed to go on board of a flat-boat bound for New Orleans. The strangers soon after awoke, and upon getting up to dress, beheld the sad reality of a Yankee trick. Having much money in their saddle-bags, they ascertained which way the Yankee had gone; and, obtaining a small skiff, set out after him. The skiff was light; and, moving rapidly, an hour or two brought it alongside of the flat-boat, where sat the Yankee perfectly composed in quiet possession of their clothes and saddle-bags. With much apparent pleasure he arose, inquired after their healths, and asked how they were pleased with the trick. The idea that they then had of the Yankee is left

to the imagination of the reader. However, he soon delivered their saddle-bags, which had not been opened, and exchanged clothes. The strangers, having deposited their saddle-bags in the skiff, very much dissatisfied, were about to leave, when the Yankee insisted upon their taking a parting glass together; and while drinking, he stepped back, jumped into the skiff, and pushed off. Amid the execrations of the crew, he plied his paddle, and the skiff darted away from the flat-boat. Going up stream, pursuit with the flat-boat was useless. He was observed to land on the Arkansas shore, where there is little doubt he speedily doubled the money thus obtained.

CXXVII. MARCH OF REFINEMENT.

A showman at Cincinnati, in describing the wonderful sagacity, and elegant manners of an elephant in his collection, assured the spectators that, amongst other habits of cleanliness, he invariably picked his teeth with his tusks after meals!

CXXVIII. PIGGING EXTRAORDINARY.

A "female swine" on Thompson's Island, recently presented her owner with a litter of eighteen pigs. As the mother has only twelve teats, we

imagine it will be marvellously comfortable for six of the family to look on and squeal, while the others suck.

CXXIX. HINTS ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

That is a good piece of advice which Ollapod, in the Knickerbocker, gives to his readers :—"Lend not thy umbrella, nor suffer thou it to be stolen from thee. In this wise did I procure my indisposition. The night was dark, the rains descended, the floods descended, and beat against me : the umbrella was loaned, it had never come home. Heaven forgive the borrower !" There are some, however, who do not borrow this rainy-weather, much-to-be-desired, and requisite article—they steal it without compunction. I lately heard the preacher of a Wesleyan conventicle at Providence, deliver the following speech from the altar :—"I would announce to the congregation, that, probably by mistake, there was left at this house of prayer, this morning, a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and wear ; in place whereof was taken a very large brown silk umbrella, new, and of great beauty. I say, my brethren, it was probably by mistake, that of these articles, the one was taken, and the other left ; though it is a very improper mistake,

and should be discountenanced if possible. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a *leetle too slick*."

CXXX. HEAT AND COLD.

An Eastern paper remarks that it is cruelly cold up the mountains, but no wonder, for they have no thermometer up there, so it gets as cold as it pleases. This is a good companion for the story of the heat in the South, where water can be boiled until it is red-hot.

CXXXI. MARYLAND WIT.

A gentleman with a glass eye was about to exercise the right of suffrage the other morning, when he was accosted by a political opponent, with, "I say, master, what are you doing here? you can't vote, you're not *natural-eyes'd*." The joke was taken in good part, and created general merriment.

CXXXII. FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Mr. Jonathan Jonah Goliath Bang says:—"I once knew a fellow of the name of Dunnaker; he'd got some copper mines in the midst of a desert, and a

tarnation pretty profitable consarn they would have been, too, if there had but been any pasture at hand to feed the critters of horses that worked the machines; but there wasn't, and the whole consarn was fast going into the back settlements, when he hit upon the expedient of supplying the want of grass by the force of imagination. I'll tell you how it was; he put the critters green spectacles on, and fed them on deal shavings; did as well as the best grass in the world!"

CXXXIII. INFINITESIMALISM.

It is an extraordinary, but tolerably well authenticated fact, that down east they have a way of curing the most obstinate lameness, by administering *crutches in small doses of from one to fifty!*

CXXXIV. CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS.

A gentleman in Kentucky has obtained a patent for a pocket telescope, that will bring the furthest objects so near, as to enable him to give any fellow a *sound licking* who may be seen trespassing in a field of buckwheat twenty leagues off.

CXXXV. HORSE-STEALING EXTRAORDINARY.

Hiram Mudger, who has been recently convicted of horse-stealing, in Vermont, is said to be so expert a practitioner in animal abduction, as to have performed the rare feat of seducing away a horse on which its master was riding, without his (the rider, and not the horse) having any notion of the matter. The report adds, that the owner of the animal walked fifty-four miles at a sharp trot, and only then discovered his horseless condition on walking into a pond, to give, as he thought, his horse a drink, and finding himself up to his ears in the cooling element.

CXXXVI. MISCONCEPTION.

The following conversation is said to have taken place between Mrs. —, of Boston, and her maid : “Leah, bring me some water with the chill taken off.” “Yes, ma’am, directly.” “Leah, what on earth keeps you?” “I’ve been looking ever since for the chill, ma’am, and I can’t find it.” This reminds us of the boy sent to boil some eggs soft ; when questioned as to what detained him, he answered, “Rot the things. it aint no use, they wont

bile soft. I've been at 'em more than an hour, and the more I bile 'em the harder they gets."

CXXXVII. EDITORIAL ASSURANCE.

The editor of the New York Herald says :—" We last week published fifty-four columns of original matter, embracing editorial reports, correspondence, and markets. This quantity of letter-press would make a book equal to two hundred and sixteen pages of Harper's Family Library. The whole of this 'Herald' matter is sold for a shilling per week; the Family Library, not containing more, for fifty cents per copy. In point of utility, wit, and amusement, the 'Herald' for one week, at twelve and a half cents, is worth a dozen volumes of the Family Library, sold for six dollars. We are thus driving all the literary booksellers from the field, and shall, in a short time, entirely supersede the reading of novels. We are creating a real, *bona fide*, every-day original, American literature. We have in our employ from six to eight original writers, and our expenditure, for literary labour alone, is nearly \$1150 per week! But what of that? The public patronise us beyond any paper that ever existed in New York. During the last week, our advertising amounted to one hundred and twenty-two

squares ; which, including the time, was equal to three hundred dollars for that week. By our cash book, the sum total of last week's receipts was about three thousand five hundred. Our patronage is now worth all the Wall Street prints. Thanks to the sensible men—the pretty women—the cash system—rising early a-mornings—and the sweet smiles of the ever-blessed Virgin, who looks down from heaven upon us at every full, clear, bright moon, and says with a smile, ‘Go ahead, my sons—go ahead, my dear boys.’ Who will say, after these evidences of enterprise, that the commercial energy of New York has been slackened an iota? We beat the world in commercial energy—in splendid ships—in independent men—and particularly in pretty, lovely, and beautiful women. One curious fact we cannot omit. The ladies of the ship captains of New York form a body, if they could be seen in the group, of the most beautiful and splendid women in existence. To this we have long since, philosophically, attributed the splendour and beauty of the packet-ships. Elegant women naturally communicate their taste and style—a portion of their very soul and being—to their husbands ; their husbands, in this state of charming magnetism, infuse a portion of the same taste into their ships ; and thus we are indebted to lovely women

for our lovely ships. We believe the most of our packet-line captains are now married, except Captain White, of 'The England,' one of the most excellent of our commanders; who, in his last voyage, made a visit to London for the express purpose of taking a look at Victoria, the queen. He found her a charming young woman, rather short, with a smiling face—a good horsewoman, but hardly the metal fit to be the wife of a New York line-packet captain. The young queen may do, however, for some of those boobies called German Princes, but not for the magnificent sea-princes of New York."

CXXXVIII. THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE.

It is stated that our friend Horace, in his hurry to get to a party, to which he was, by some unaccountable means, invited, actually pulled his kid gloves over his stockings, and put his pumps upon his hands; nor did he find out his mistake until after he had offered his foot to dance with the hostess.

CXXXIX. A REPUBLICAN ARISTOCRAT.

On Crockett's return to his constituents after his first session in Congress, a nation of them surrounded him one day, and began to interrogate him about

Washington. "What time do they dine at Washington, colonel?" asked one. "Why," said he, "common people, such as you here, get their dinners at one o'clock, but the gentry and big-uns dine at three. As for us representatives, we dine at four, and the aristocracy and the senate, they don't get their victuals till five." "Well, when does the President fodder?" asked another. "Old Hickory!" exclaimed the colonel, (attempting to appoint a time in accordance with the dignity of the station,) "Old Hickory! well,—he don't dine till next day!"

CXL. WANTS.

The Erie Gazette of a late date, has the following:—"This is a wanting world, and these are wanting times. Some want a new governor, and some want the old one; some want the new market-house on the public square, and some want it away from there; but, for our part, we want our pay from all those who owe us any; and want will compel us to call upon 'em particular, if they don't call and settle soon: that's a fact."

CXLI. GOING UPON TICK.

A letter from New York says, that the times are so hard that the watches have stopped. We are

surprised at that, because they are the only business characters that can afford to go; as they go *upon tick* till the end of time.

CXLII. INFERNAL MACHINES.

The Boston Post says :—" They have got a machine in Mobile that only wants winding up once in a while, to enable it to walk into the woods, provide itself with shingles, and completely cover the roof of a house in twenty-four hours." To this the Philadelphia Ledger gives the following clincher :—" Some folks are always bragging about their inventions; while we quiet Pennsylvanians *say nothing and do it*. A machine has been invented in this city, which, being wound up once a month, goes into a ship-yard, selects the timbers, hews, joints, and fits them ship-shape, lays on all the planking, caulks, pays, and launches the gallant ship complete! It only requires some shipwrights and others to attend it, and a patent has been obtained."

CXLIII. THE LOAFER'S INVENTION.

It's a pity we ain't got feathers, so's to grow our own jacket and trousers, and do up the tailorin' business, and make our own feather beds. It would

be a great savin'—every man his own clothes, and every man his own feather bed. Now, I've got a suggestion about that—first principles bring us to the skin—fortify that, and the matter's done. How would it do to bile a big kittle full of tar, tallow, beeswax, and injen rubber, with considerable wool, and dab the whole family once a week? The young 'uns might be soused in it every Saturday night, and the nigger might fix the elderly folks with a whitewash brush. Then there wouldn't be no bother a washing your clothes or yourself, which last is an invention of the doctor, to make people sick, because it lets in the cold in winter, and the heat in summer, when natur' says shut up the porouses, and keep 'em out. Besides, when the new invention was tore at the knees, or wore at the elbows, just tell the nigger to put on the kittle, and give you a dab, and you're patched slick—and so that whole mobs of people mightn't stick together like figs, a little sperrits of turpentine or litharage might be added, to make 'em dry like a house a-fire. 'Twould be nice for sojers. Stand 'em all of a row, and whitewash 'em blue or red, according to pattern, as if they were a fence. The gin'ral's might look on to see if it was done according to Gunter; the cap'ins might flourish the brush, and the corporals carry the bucket. Dandies could fix

themselves all sorts of streaked, and all sorts of colours. When the parterials is cheap, and the making don't cost nothing, that's what I call economy, and coming as near as possible to first principles.

Charcoal Sketches.

CXLIV. RUNNING OUT.

The Ohio river has dwindled into a mere rivulet, and the editor of the Cincinnati News complains that he has not had a clean shirt for a fortnight, the washerwoman being unable to obtain water on any terms.

The Cincinnati Post says:—"The *bottom* of the Ohio is *rising* fast—so much so, as to appear above water in many places."

CXLV. WHERE'S DADDY?

A large six feet Yahoo, who had his legs run at least nine inches too far through his breeches, with a loaf of gingerbread under his arm, and as much in his fist, one end of which he had just drawn from between his teeth, leaving his mouth filled, was met by a gentleman in Natchez in the middle of the street, of whom he inquired in a whining tone, "Have you seen any thing of daddy?" "No!"

replied the gentleman. "Well, darnation seize daddy, I told him he'd lose me!" said our hero, crying as he proceeded, half bent, sticking the gingerbread into his countenance at an alarming rate.

CXLVI. ACCUSATION AND ACQUITTAL.

A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of our bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who is of the bustling order—" *Has been accused of possessing talents*"—another, seeing the accusation, immediately wrote under the charge—" *Has been tried and acquitted.*"

CXLVII. A BUSY FELLOW.

There is an editor down east who is not only his own compositor, pressman, and devil, but keeps a tavern, is village schoolmaster, captain in the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, makes patent Brandereth pills, peddles essences and tin ware two days in the week, and always reads sermons on the Sabbath, when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to all this, he has a wife and sixteen children.

CXLVIII. A REASONABLE REQUEST.

The editor of a down east paper requests those of his subscribers who never intend to pay, to give him notice as soon as possible.

CXLIX. COOL WORK.

The New Orleans Courier says a gentleman was stopped on Saturday night by a footpad with the customary salutation on such occasions—Your purse or your life. “O,” replied the gentleman, “don’t get into a passion, you shall have all I have got,” and drew a pistol and shot the fellow down.

CL. JUDGE THATCHER.

When the question of the emblems and devices for our *national arms* was before the old Congress, a member from the south warmly opposed the *eagle* as a monarchical bird. The *king* of birds could not be a suitable representative of a people whose institutions were founded in hostility to kings. The late Judge Thatcher, then a representative from Massachusetts, in reply, proposed the *goose*, which he said was a most humble and republican bird, and would in other respects prove advantageous, inas-

much as the *goslins* would do to put on the ten cent pieces, &c. The laughter which followed at the expense of the Southerner, was more than he could bear. He construed this good-humoured irony into an insult, and sent a challenge. The bearer delivered it to Mr. Thatcher, who read and returned it to him, observing, that he should not accept it! "What, will you be branded as a coward?" "Yes, sir, if he pleases; I always was a coward, and he knew it, or he would never have challenged me." The joke was too good to be resisted, even by the angry party, and the former cordial intercourse between the parties was soon restored.

CLI. ADVICE TO PARENTS.

Rear up your lads like nails, and then they'll not only go through the world, but you may clinch 'em on t'other side.

CLII. ADVANTAGE OF BURNING TWO CANDLES.

A celebrated down east judge has a very stingy wife; on a recent occasion she received his friends in the drawing-room with a single candle. "Be pleased, my dear," said his lordship, "to let us have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands."

*CLIII. CHEAP EGGS.

We wonder that gentlemen will get into an omnibus, with their coat pockets crammed full of eggs. Nobody can sit down leisurely in an omnibus; and eggs, be they ever so cheap, are awkward things to come down upon with a SQUASH!

CLIV. FASHIONABLE ARRIVAL.

We have the pleasure to announce the arrival of a very elegant *moustache* from Washington, Norfolk, and the races away south, under the soft dews of which climate it has become a perfect *nonpareil*! Behind it we perceive Prince John of Albany, lineal heir of the President of the United States.

CLV. GRABBING.

Things now-a-days appear to go entirely upon the "grab system." If a man wishes to collect a debt, he provides himself with a raw hide, a brace of pistols, and a dagger. This is what he calls a writ of *fieri facias*, (fire at you if you face us.)

CLVI EXTRAORDINARY DESPATCH.

The editor of a new western paper, in describing the rapid sale of his journal, assures those who

choose to believe him that it goes off like *greased lightning!*

CLVII. GET YOUR FANTASTIC TOES READY.

Parker gives a splendid fancy ball at Tammany to-night. It will be the best, the biggest, the brightest, and most beautiful of the season. Terpsichoreans, make your toilettes, and be ready!

CLVIII. BAD TIMES.

The Wheeling Times says:—"The times are so bad and payments so rare, that the girls down east complain that the young men cannot even *pay* their addresses."

CLIX. THE EVIL EYE.

A well-known maiden lady, in the Tennessee district, returning home one evening from a ball, accidentally dropped one of her eyes, which was a false one. The next morning, the town-crier was heard "in full cry," and the gooly citizens were thus highly edified: "O, yes! O, yes! lost, stole, or strayed, a *high!* a *high!* Whosumhever *nose* any thing about it, please to bring it *ear*, &c. Ring de ding, ring de ding."

CLX. GOING AHEAD.

An auctioneer in Cincinnati has proved himself a most inventive genius in the art of puffing. He announces, in the *Evening Post*, that he has so much business, he has recently worn out *two* hammers, and is now on the *second end* of the third!

CLXI. NOSES IN DANGER.

The Washington Metropolitan announces the following curious fact:—"The new Russian minister to the United States, is called Somonosoff, (saw my nose off). An attache of the same legation in Washington, Blowmanosoff, (blow my nose off;) besides which we have Colonel Kutmanosoff, (cut my nose off,) of the Imperial Guard; Marshal Pollmanosoff, (pull my nose off,) General Nozebegon, (nose begone,) and many others."

CLXII. THUNDER BY STEAM CARS.

An honest old Dutchman came on a visit to this village, and was quietly smoking his pipe, in full view of the Mohawk valley, without knowing that a rail-road ran through it. The night was dark,

with the appearance of rain, which absorbed the old man's conjectures, when suddenly a train of cars rumbled by, leaving a long train of sparks in the rear. Suddenly dropping his pipe, the astonished citizen exclaimed—"Vel, if York state ish not de tyfel for improvements! Dey hang lanterns to dere thunder clouds dat peoples may see dem and get out of the way."

CLXIII. UNCURRENT FUN.

A down east editor asks his subscribers to pay up, that he may play a similar *joke* upon his creditors. We like to see a good joke go round.

CLXIV. SEASONABLE ADVICE.

The following, from the Providence Courier, is not out of *season* at any rate:—"Prepare for winter. Put on your flannels—lay aside thin shoes—and *let bachelors get married.*"

CLXV. PAY THE POSTAGE.

Our correspondents are requested to write only on one side of their paper. *N. Y. Whig.*

Some of ours are requested not to write on either side. *N. O. Picayune.*

CLXVI. BORROWING.

“My marm wants to know if your marm will lend my marm your marm’s pickaxe to make our hog a hen coop?” “O, certainly—and when you go home just ask your mother if she’ll be kind enough to lend us a keg of that firkin butter she bought to-day, that’s a nice little man; and just clean us a mess of them pouts and eels that your father caught this afternoon, and bring them down with the butter, my dear—and I’ll certainly give you the first bright cent I find in the ashes.” “I guess, on the whole,” said the boy, “we shan’t want that pickaxe of yourn.”

CLXVII. A PROFITABLE SUBSCRIBER.

When Mr. Holt, a printer, established his newspaper in New York, 1766, a person in the vicinity of Albany, who was wealthy, but celebrated for his narrow, penurious disposition, became one of his earliest subscribers. At the end of the first year, the editor sent his account for the yearly subscription, urging a request that it might be settled the first convenient opportunity. No answer, however, came. The bills were sent regularly for *eighteen*

years, but with the same success; till at length Mr. Holt, as may well be supposed, got out of all patience with his customer, had the whole account made out and sent to him; adding to the foot thereof, that if it was not *immediately* paid, he would put it in suit, and discontinue sending any more newspapers. The subscriber having read over the account, exclaimed, with a disdainful sneer,—“*What an ungrateful puppy! I was one of the first that encouraged his paper by subscribing;—have continued ever since,—and this is the return he makes me.*”

CLXVIII. PRETTY FAIR.

The editor of the Daily Hartford Review says “that the only way to spell a Russian or Polish name, is to *sneeze three times and say ‘SKI.’*”

CLXIX. A BAD REPORT.

The Manhattan Advertiser says that A. Gunn went off there the other day, heavily loaded—the *charge* entering most of the account books in town. We presume the Gunn *burstcd*, as there was no appearance of a *stock* to be discovered.

CLXX. THE UNLUCKY LOAFER.

“Sawing wood’s going all to smash,” said he ; “and that’s where every thing goes what I speculates in. This here coal is doing us up. Ever since these black stones was brought to town, the wood sawyers and pilers, and them soap-fat and hickory ashes men, has been going down ; and, for my part, I cant say as how I-see what’s to be the end of all their new-fangled contraptions. But it’s always so ; I’m always crawling out of the little end of the horn. I began life in a comfortable sort of a way ; selling oysters out of a wheelbarrow, all clear grit, and didn’t owe nobody nothing. Oysters went down slick enough for a while, but at last cellars was invented, and darn the oyster, no matter how nice it was pickled, could poor Dill sell ; so I had to eat up capital and profits myself. Then the ‘peprece pot smoking’ was sot up, and went a-head pretty considerable for a time ; but a parcel of fellers come into it, said my cats wasn’t as good as their’n, when I know’d they was as fresh as any cats in the market ; and pepree pot was no go. Bean soup was just as bad ; people said kittens wasn’t good done that way, and the more I hollered, the more the customers wouldn’t come, and them what did, wanted tick.

Along with the boys and their pewter fips, them what got trust and didn't pay, and the abusing of my goods, I was soon fotch'd up in the victualing line—and I busted for the benefit of my creditors. But genius riz. I made a raise of a horse and saw, after being a wood-piler's prentice for a while, and working till I was free, and now here comes the coal to knock this business in the head. My people's decent people, and I can't disgrace 'em by turning Charcoal Jemmy, or smashing the black stones with a pickaxe. They wouldn't let me into no society at all if I did.

"I wonder, if they wouldn't list me for a charley? Hollering oysters and bean soup has guv' me a splendid voice; and instead of skeering 'em away, if the thieves were to hear me singing out, my style of doing it would almost coax 'em to come and be took up. They'd feel like a bird when a snake is after it, and would walk up, and poke their coat collars right into my fist. Then, after a while, I'd perhaps be promoted to the fancy business of pig ketching, which, though it is werry light, and werry elegant, requires genius. 'Tisn't every man that can come the scientifics in that line, and has studied the nature of a pig, so as to beat him at canœuvering, and make him surrender 'cause he sees it ain't no use of doing nothing. It wants larning to convince

them critters, and it's only to be done by heading 'em up handsome, hopping whichever way they hop, and tripping 'em up genteel by shaking hands with their off hind leg. I'd scorn to pull their tails out by the roots, or to hurt their feelin's by dragging em about by the ears.

"But what's the use? If I was listed, they'd soon find out to holler the hour and to ketch the thieves by steam; yes, and they'd take 'em to court on a railroad, and try 'em with biling water. They'll soon have black locomotives for watchmen and constables, and big bilers for judges and mayors. Pigs will be ketched by steam, and will be biled fit to eat before they are done squealing. By-and-by, folks won't be of no use at all. There won't be no people in the world but tea kettles; no mouths, but safety valves; and no talking, but blowing off steam. If I had a little biler inside of me, I'd turn omnibus, and week-days I'd run from Kensington to the Navy Yard, and Sundays I'd run to Fairmount."

CLXXI. A BUSTER.

"Landlord," said Jonathan, the other day, stepping up to the bar in a public house, "jest give us a cent'sworth of New England, and put it into two tumblers. Here, Jim, take hold; away with the expense, I say, when a fellow is on a bust."

REMARKABLE CASE OF ABSENCE OF MIND.

The inhabitants of the United States seem naturally addicted to most extraordinary fits of mental alienation. The following are a few of the cases worthy preservation.

CLXXII.

The Baltimore Gazette says, that "a gray eagle was shot on the Shawangauk mountains, which measured seven feet from tip to tip of the wings. He was watching a young calf so intensely, that he did not move till the third shot broke his leg, when he gave battle to his opponent. The fourth shot took fatal effect."

CLXXIII.

A certain absent member of Congress was so absorbed in his political reflections, that he, one morning, shaved himself with the small tooth comb, and combed his hair with a razor! On another occasion, this gentleman was observed to put a spoon in his mouth, and stir up his grog with a cigar!

CLXXIV.

A Mr. Jabez J. Jankinson, of Arkansas, whose sight is such as to render glasses necessary, put his spectacles on his ear instead of his eyes one day last week, and actually walked three miles sideways in a heavy rain before he discovered his mistake.

CLXXV.

One of the Buffalo agrarians actually voted his last twenty-five cent shinplaster, and never discovered his mistake until he was kicked out of a rum-shop for offering his ballot-paper in payment for a glass of red eye which he had just swallowed.

CLXXVI.

The Nashville Observer informs us of the following case of absence of mind, which took place in the person of an old lady, who, after stirring the fire with her knitting needle, proceeded to knit with the poker, and did not discover her error till she commenced scratching her head with it.

CLXXVII.

A woman, in Ohio, put her baby into the washing-tub, and its dirty frock and petticoat into the

cradle, and set her little boy to rock it. She did not discover her mistake until the baby cried out when she pinned its left leg to the line, as she hung it out in the yard to dry.

CLXXVIII.

A Mr. Abner Bennett, of Buffalo, being more than "common tall," and having held a long conversation with a "jacky-thin-soul" merchant there, actually at parting made a bow to his cane in the corner, and, seizing the merchant by the head, walked off with him instead of the stick.

CLXXIX.

A man going up Lake Erie in a steamboat was suddenly taken with a fit of absence of mind, and fell overboard, sinking twice to the bottom before he was sufficiently collected to swim.

CLXXX.

People in love are very apt to forget themselves, instance the following:—A lady having written, folded, and sealed a *billet-doux*, tripped away to the postoffice at Baltimore. Her mind being engrossed

in imagining the delight the fond object she had addressed would experience in receiving her communication, caused her to make a slight mistake ; she dropped the letter unconsciously on the foot-path, and posted herself ! nor did she discover her error until the postmaster asked, when about to stamp her, whether she was *single* !

CLXXXI.

We learn from the Nashville Banner, that a land agent down there, by name Hiram S. Botts, having to ride out in great haste one day last week, actually clapped the saddle upon his own back instead of his mare's, and never found out the mistake till he was quite fatigued with vainly trying to get upon himself.

CLXXXII.

A theatrical star offered his manager a cigar. Through mistake he put the actor in his mouth instead of the cigar, and never discovered his error until he found he would not draw.

CLXXXIII.

A highly respectable inhabitant of the city of New York lately died under very remarkable cir-

cumstances. He was subject to fits of extreme absence of mind from childhood, and one night, upon retiring to rest, having carefully tucked his pantaloons under the bed clothes, he threw himself over the back of a chair, and expired from the severe cold he experienced during the night. The editor of the New York Morning Herald, who relates this extraordinary fact, assures his readers, as a guarantee of its truth, that he received his information from the individual in question!

CLXXXIV.

A very absent gentleman, in a fit of abstraction, lately put his candle to bed, and inadvertently blew himself out.

CLXXXV.

The last "modern instance" recorded in the Yankee papers, is that of a Vermont wagoner going to market, who lifted his horse into the wagon, and tacked himself up in the traces. The veracious chronicler adds, the wagoner did not discover his error until he endeavoured to neigh!

CLXXXVI.

A fond mother took her darling on her knee, and then a loaf, intending to make bread and butter for

it, as people say hereabouts ; but, by a strange fatality, she buttered the child's face, and cut its head off before she discovered her mistake.

CLXXXVII.

A Yankee, dining at a table d'hôte, was observed to take a pinch of salt, and put a spoonful of snuff on the edge of his plate.

CLXXXVIII.

Mr. Jennings, of Baltimore, was very hard of hearing, rather given to fits of abstractedness, and in the habit of thinking aloud. "Now, you black rascal," said he one day to his nigger, "how do you know that I am going to propose to the widow Wadman?" "Why, massa," shouted Cæsar in his ear, "I 'spose it's 'cause you so deaf you can't talk to yourself without making ebry body else hear."

CLXXXIX.

A shoemaker in Boston is said, on good authority to have measured a customer's nose for a pair of boots.

CXC.

A gentleman, addicted to taking snuff, let fall his handkerchief; stooping to pick it up, he seized hold of a lady's dress, wiped his nose with it, and then commenced stuffing it into his coat pocket. He did not discover his mistake till a somewhat irascible gentleman kicked him out of the house.

CXCI.

T'other day a man in Baltimore, intending to wind up his watch, through a sudden attack of absence of mind, wound up himself. He did not perceive his mistake until his creditors refused to allow him to go upon *tick* any longer!

CXCII. FROM THE FULNESS OF THE HEART THE MOUTH SPEAKETH.

One of the fair Yankee girls, born and bred on the Green Mountains, was lately thrown from a wagon, and carried to a neighbouring farmhouse, with a dreadful gash across her cheek, in an apparently senseless state. The village Esculapius was sent for, and on his pronouncing it to be necessary to sew the wound up, the fair one immediately

opened her eyes, and cried out "For God's sake, do it *neatly*!"

CXCIII. A CARD QUESTIONARY.

Can anybody tell which institution in this city (New York) can give the best commercial education?—We have not a son to educate, but a friend has.

CXCIV. KISSING IN AMERICA.

When a wild spark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says, "Come, sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon." The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they fire up all at once, and say, "I think you ought to be ashamed." When a young chap steals a kiss from an Albany girl, she says, "I reckon it's my turn now," and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget in a week. When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing. In Pennsylvania, when a female is saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl, and answereth, "I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah; for this indignity I will sew thee up." The ladies of Burgtown, however,

are so fond of kissing, that when saluted on one cheek, they instantly present the other.

CXCV. THE RULING PASSION.

“They grieved for those who perish’d in the cutter,
And also for the biscuit, cakes, and butter.”

These lines from Byron’s *Don Juan*, placed, as they are, at the conclusion of one of the most pathetic descriptions of human suffering which the genius of man ever portrayed, have been loudly and justly censured. But the total want of feeling they were (to give a charitable construction) intended to hold up to ridicule, is sometimes exhibited in real life. An anecdote may serve as an illustration.

Before the Connecticut schooners were forbidden the liberty of carrying corn brooms, onions, and poultry to the West Indies, one Joe Swain resolved to go to sea; and accordingly proceeded to New London, and shipped as a green hand on board the *Charming Nancy*, for Barbadoes and a market. The whole of the family, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, were concerned in an adventure of fowls committed to his charge. On the passage home, in a violent gale, Joe fell overboard, and all attempts to save him were vain. The vessel arrived at New London: the father of the unfortunate sailor re-

paired to the sea-shore to meet his son, and learn the result of the family speculation. The *Charming Nancy* was riding at anchor, her colours streaming mournfully from half-mast. He hailed her from the beach—"Hullo, there—is that the *Charming Nancy*?" "Ay, ay, sir!" "Is there one Joe Swain aboard there?" "No, he's drowned!" "Drowned?" "Yes, drowned, I tell you." "Fowls drowned too?"

CXCVI. A KNOWING BOY.

A big lump of a boy, on his first examination, was asked if he could read.

Boy. Don't know.

Teacher. Can you spell easy words?

Boy. Don't know.

Teacher. Do you know the alphabet?

Boy. Yes.

Teacher. Try this word.

Boy. H-o-r-s-e.

Teacher. What does that spell?

Boy. Don't know.

Teacher. What do you ride on at home?

Boy. Oxen.

Teacher. Try this word.

Boy. B-r-e-a-d.

Teacher. What does this spell ?

Boy. Don't know.

Teacher. What do you eat at home ?

Boy. Punkin.

Teacher. Try this short word.

Boy. B-e-d.

Teacher. What does this spell ?

Boy. Don't know.

Teacher. What do you sleep on at home !

Boy. Sheep skins !

CXCVII. STRANGE RESEMBLANCE.

“ Cuff, you see dem two ladies o’ colour ’cross de street dare ?” “ Yes, I see de dear angels, Pompey.” “ Well, don’t dey look amazing like one anoder ?” “ Dat true, Pompey, I gib you credit for your nice pendrumtation ; dey do mazingly zemble one anoder, pecially de one dis side.”

CXCVIII. AN ODD QUESTION.

A young Jonathan took it into his head one day to get a wife. He accordingly looked about him, and very soon made such selections as suited him, and was not long in striking a bargain and settling the preliminaries. He then applied to a clergyman

to perform the ceremony. "But, are you prepared for such an important change in life?" said the reverend gentleman. "I guess I be," said Jonathan, "for I have got my land just paid for, and I own a yoke of steers, and a cow." "Very well," said the holy man, with a long breath and a sober face, "all these worldly things may be proper in its place, to be sure; but have you ever thought of salvation?" This was a poser. "Sall Vation," says Jonathan, "who in thunder is she!"

CXCIX. BEAST OF INTELLECT.

A bear very leisurely marched into the theatre belonging to some city in the west, expecting to be able to nibble a child or some delicate limb for his next day's dinner. The audience were so entranced with Miss Ellen Tree's wonderful acting, that no one noticed the entrance of Bruin, who quietly deposited himself in one of the back boxes. In a few moments, he became interested in the performance, and quite forgot the carnivorous intent of his visit. At the fall of the curtain, he hurried home considerably agitated, and next evening returned to the theatre, in company with a full-grown alligator, who seemed to enjoy the woes of Mrs. Haller with infinite gusto. On the ensuing evening, this worthy

couple resumed their seats, accompanied by the interesting family of the alligator, and so intent were the box-keepers on the performance that the beastly visitors were not discovered till one of the Miss Alligators went into hysterics from the strong excitement of the scene. The intellectual party were allowed free egress, but warned not to again intrude.

CC. COBBLER'S ENDS.

Cobblers have been, time out of mind, almost invariably known as followers of the muses. Whether there is any thing in their profession which tends to arouse the mind and call forth the higher powers of song and poesy, I know not, but should think otherwise, as their productions have generally been either of the amorous, the pathetic, the comic, or the pastoral kind.

Byron alludes to their poetical propensities, and Scott tells us a story of a cobbler, who, while mending his own shoes, used to sing to him the offspring of his own muse, and who first awakened in his infantile mind the love of song and poesy.

The following is a verbatim copy of a sign that a cobbler reared over the entrance of his workshop, in one of his moments of inspiration :

“here pize and cake and beer i sel
good oysters stude and in the shel

and fried uns to for them that chuse
and with dispatch mend boots and shuse."

The following is a similar burst of poetical enthusiasm :

"Blow o blow ye gentle breezes
All among the leaves and treezes
Sing o sing ye heavenly muses
And i will mend your boots and shuzes."

CCI. FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS.

"Well, Diana," said a would-be-belle, to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my bloom fading? now, tell me plainly, without any compliments." "O, no, missa; but den me kinder tink"—"Think what, Diana: you're bashful?" "O, no, me no bashful—but den me kinder tinks as how missa don't *retain her colour* quite so well as sister Phillesey—Scip's lubby rose."

CCII. WHOLESALE MAIL.

"Mr. T——," said a fellow to our postmaster the other day, "hain't you got nary letter for me here?" "Yes," was the reply. "What d'ye ax for it?" "Twenty-five cents," said the postmaster. "Can't

you take ten pence?" said the fellow. "No; Uncle Sam must have his price." "Well, now, I think you must fall a *leetle*, cause I 'spect to take a heap on 'em from you this coming winter."

CCIII. YANKEE GALLANTRY.

A "notion seller" was offering Yankee clocks, finely varnished and coloured, and with a looking-glass in front, to a certain lady not remarkable for personal beauty. "Why, it's beautiful," said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!" said the lady. "Then, marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better buy one that han't got no looking-glass."

CCIV. AN ODD FISH.

We once knew a man who fasted on fish on a Friday, and when he had none, whipped a leg o' mutton into the oven, and took it out fish; says he, "It's changed *plaice*, that's all, and *plaice* an't a bad fish."

CCV. ILL-TIMED POLITENESS.

It is customary in New York for young men to hire sleeping-rooms, and eat their meals anywhere,

as it may happen. One morning, rather late, one of these youngsters was returning home with six raw eggs in his hat. He had just purchased them for his breakfast, when, accidentally, he met in Broadway a female acquaintance, and being rather flustered, all thoughts of his *marketing* were driven out of his mind. He very politely doffed his *chapeau* to the lady. What was the consequence? Why, as his hat came off, out rolled the eggs, to his utter dismay, and to the astonishment of the lady. He was off in the twinkling of a case-knife. The lady's dress was most wofully bespattered.

CCVI. NOVEL DEFINITIONS.

Progress of time.—A pedlar going through the land with wooden clocks. *Friend.*—One who takes your money, and then turns you out of doors. *Honesty.*—Obsolete: a term formerly used in the case of a man who had paid for his newspapers and the coat on his back. *Hard money.*—The specie that is to be buried in the sub-treasury dungeon—hard to put in, and hard to get out. *Credit.*—A wise provision by which constables get a living. *Benevolence.*—To take a dollar out of one pocket and put it into the other. *Rigid justice.*—A juror in a murder case, fast asleep.

CCVII. A PENN-SYLVANIAN QUILLDRIVER.

An old eccentric clerk in *Penn-sylvania*, after writing several letters, laid his pen down, and having occasion to write again, used his finger instead of his pen, and did not discover his error until he began to mend it.

CCVIII. EXTRAORDINARY DELUSION.

We once heard of a traveller at a Pennsylvania hotel, who rose from his bed at night to examine the weather, but instead of looking out upon the sky, thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. "Landlord," cried the astonished man, "this is very singular weather; the night is as dark as Egypt, *and smells of cheese.*"

CCIX. MARCH OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

A celebrated pleader in New York delivered so long an oration in defence of a client, that, at its conclusion, his tongue was found to be worn down to the root. In this predicament, he applied to an equally celebrated surgeon, who repaired his loss by skilfully transplanting the vocal organ of a missionary who had just been lynched for abolitionism. The renovated member was quite adequate to the

performance of all the functions of speech, but it may be noted as a singular fact, that the patient's forensic talents entirely left him, and that the gift of eloquence became exclusively directed to extemporaneous preaching.

CCX. TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

Upon a certain time, an orator, who wished to advocate the construction of a new turnpike through a section of Virginia, made the following sublime speech :

"May it please your worships! While Europe is convulsed in civil discords, and her empires tremble with internal commotions; and, while her astronomers mount the wings of their imaginations, and soar through the ethereal world, pursuing their course from planet to planet, and from system to system, until they have explored the vast eternity of space—let us direct our attention to *a road more immediately in our own neighbourhood.*"

CCXI. LIKE AND NOT LIKE.

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife;
'Twas drawn by some enchanted hand,
It seemed so much like life.

He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the picture still;
And was delighted and amazed
To view the painter's skill.

“This picture is just like thee, Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you.”

“And has it kissed thee back, my dear?”
“Ah, no! my love,” said he;
“Then, William, it is very clear.
It's not at all like ME.”

CCXII. ENCOURAGEMENT TO DENTISTS AT THE
SOUTH.

The editor of the Camden (S. C.) Journal says, an itinerant dentist lately called at a house in the neighbourhood of that town, and applied for business. “Don't you want your teeth drawn?” says he to the owner.—“No.” “Don't your wife?”—“No.” “None of the children?”—“No.” “Can't you give me some sort of a job?” says the dentist. “Why,” says the gentlemen, “I have an old *cross-cut saw*, the teeth of which are out of order. You can have *that* job if you'll fix 'em.”

CCXIII. PHILADELPHIA PUN-GENTS.

Judge Peters, a Philadelphian and a punster, has left behind him a countless host of well-remembered puns. Some few of his rarest are well worth recording. In the blaze of their brilliancy, I shall retire ; intending, at some future opportunity, to perpetrate another chapter on the puns of Penn.

A gentleman presenting his only son to the notice of the judge, said, "He is my *all*." The boy was a long, thin, whey-faced stripling, and the judge, looking in his face, said to the father, "Your *awl*, and your *last* too, I should suppose, but I cannot call him a *strapping* fellow."

When on the District Court Bench, he observed to Judge Washington that one of the witnesses had a *vegetable* head. "How so?" was the inquiry. "He has *carrotty* hair, *reddish* cheeks, a *turnup* nose, and a *sage* look."

During one of the public days connected with La Fayette's reception, the judge was riding in an open carriage with the general, who regretted that he should be exposed to the annoyance arising from clouds of flying dust. "I am used to it," said Peters, "I am a judge, and have had dust thrown in my eyes by the lawyers for many years."

When practising as a lawyer, he had a case on

trial before a judge who was well known to indulge in extraordinary derelictions from the truth. This judge was evidently biassed against Peters' case, and while the jury were absent, and considering their verdict, he wished to postpone the cause, pleading illness as an excuse, and declared that he was unable to sit on the bench. Peters saw his manœuvre, and said, "If your worship cannot sit, *we know that you can lie*, and therefore you can receive the verdict in a recumbent posture."

He was appointed member of a building committee connected with the affairs of a new church. A wine merchant had made an excellent offer for the use of the vaults of the building, intending to use them as the place of deposit for some of his immense stock. The liberal party were for accepting his offer, but the strict church-goers thought the affair was something of a desecration, and wished to decline it. Peters sided with the latter party, and when his surprised friends demanded his reasons, "I have always thought it wrong," said he, "to allow *any preaching over good wine*."

He attended the anniversary dinner of the Cincinnati Society, on the fourth of July, 1828; and when about to retire, he was assisted towards the door of the room by one of the coloured waiters on his left, and a gentleman, a member of the Society, supported

his tottering steps upon the right. The judge turned round to say farewell to his old acquaintances, and, looking at his supporters, said—"My friends, I take leave of you in *black and white*." This was his last pun in public, for he died in the course of the succeeding month. *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.*

CCXIV. HOLD YOUR JAW.

"What's the matter, uncle Jerry?" said Mr. — as old Jeremiah R—— was passing by, growling most ferociously. "Matter," said the old man, stopping short; "why, here I've been lugging water all the morning, for Dr. C——'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?" "Why, I suppose about ninepence," answered Mr. —. "Ninepence! She told me the doctor would *pull a tooth* for me some time."

CCXV. WATCHING BAGGAGE.

The Rev. Mr. Reep says in his Narrative, that while passing in a steamer, he saw an old lady sitting on a box, watching the rest of her baggage at her feet, and singing frequently:

"Great box, little box,
Band-box and bundle—
One, two, three, four.

Great box, little box,
Band-box and bundle—
One, two, three, four.

CCXVI. HEMINENT WIT.

Some half-a-dozen wags met together in one of the hotels of New York city some time ago, making merry over their wine. "There goes Bass," cries one, looking out of the open window, "I'll lay a bottle of champagne that he'll utter a joke the moment he is called in." "Done," said one of the number. Two of them went to the window, and began to beckon him in. "Ah! hem! ahem! Bass! ahem! Bass!" They made beckoning motions with their hands, besides their "ahems," and in came Bass. They all gathered around him in a circle. "Why, gentlemen! you have fairly *hemmed* me in here." The wine was paid down immediately.

CCXVII. BRIEF AUTHORITY.

While in this state of defection, I was joined by George Edward Fitz-Augustus Seaton, a coloured man, who discharged the functions of waiter at the City Hotel. He informed me that he was going to

market, "for de special object," as he declared, "of purchasing vegetables, and other animal matter for de immediate consumption of de establishment." Having nothing particular to do, I agreed to accompany George Edward Fitz-Augustus, and we accordingly set out for Catherine Market. When we arrived at the depot of natural, animate, and inanimate productions, my companion walked up to the wagon of a fat countryman, and after peering some time at his stock, inquired "If dose taters were good ones?" "Yes, sir," responded the countryman. "A tater," resumed George Edward Fitz-Augustus, "is inewitably bad, unless it is invariably good. Dere is no mediocracy in de combination of a tater. De exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and beautisome, while de interior is totally negative. But, sir, if you wends de article upon your own recommendation, I, without any further circumlocution, takes a bushel."

George Edward now passed to the stall of a dealer in eggs and butter, and taking a quarter of a dollar from his vest pocket, commenced an inspection of the latter commodity. "You call dat good butter?" demanded he, with a disagreeable expression upon his countenance, as if an ill flavour were suddenly inhaled. "Yes, sir, I do—as good butter as comes to this or any other place." "What you

tink bout axing for dat butter?" "Twenty-five cents." "And do you suppose, for de moment, dat your butter extenifys to such extreme waluation?—nasty rancid stuff, churned over for de 'casion!—old butter renowated!"—said the indignant George Edward, moving off; "but dat's de kind of negotiation I often meet wit in dis market!"

CCXVIII. A CUTTING JOKE.

Just before the line-of-battle ship Pennsylvania left her moorings opposite the Philadelphia navy yard, some of the visiters observed a couple of sailors under the guard of a marine for an offence against the discipline of the service. "What will be their punishment?" inquired one of the party. "They will merely be placed in irons," said an officer. "At sea they would receive a dozen lashes each." "I am glad," said a lady, "that their poor backs will not be lacerated, and I dare say that they rejoice in the difference of punishment." "No doubt," said the gentleman, "they would sooner be *ironed* than *mangled*."

CCXIX. A CONTRADICTION.

In noticing the story in the Evening Star, that the author of "Outre Mer" had been killed in a duel, in

the West Indies, the Eastern Argus says:—"We met the author of 'Outre Mer' in Middle street, but a few days since. We suspect the story of his having been killed in a duel cannot be true; he did not walk like a dead man—and more than that, he has too much good sense to put himself in a situation to be shot at by any noodle who might be willing to risk his valueless life in that way."

CCXX. EXPEDITION.

The following extract is from a Chicago paper: "Highly important.—By a *foot passenger* from the south, just arrived in our city, we learn the highly satisfactory intelligence, that the long-looked-for mail may be expected *in the course of next week!*"

CCXXI. REPUBLICANISM.

This feeling is very early developed in America; witness the following. Two boys went out to play with their hoops and kites, Sam with leave, Joe without. Joe, on his return home, got a flogging for his presumption and trespass. The next time he met Sam, he hailed him thus:—"Sam, did your father lick you yesterday?" "Poh, no!" "Didn't he? Well, my father licked me, and I don't see

why you ain't as much right to a licking as I have!" He gave him one.

CCXXII. TEMPERANCE.

The editor of a western paper is a rare drunken dog, and the teetotallers threatened never to read his paper again, unless he joined their society, and abstained from drinking. After some consideration, he promised to consent, upon one condition, viz., that he might take a little gin sling, or mint julep, whenever he *washed sheep*, to prevent his catching cold. The teetotallers, at first, thought it a strange request, but ultimately agreed to it. What is the consequence? Why, the editor keeps two sheep in his back office, and *washes* them from ten to twenty times a day.

CCXXIII. NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENCE.

"Mister Editor, how much cold wittles is there allowed you for publishing the *Great Whig Meeting* at Masonic Hall, eh? It's awful that times am so hard that you can't find matter enough to fill your columns but such trash as that. Signed, TIMOTHY. P. S. I wish you would give me an answer, because I am a little curious." EDITOR'S ANSWER—

"Certainly, Timothy, certainly,—albeit your grammar has some holes in it—peradventure to match those in your breeches. Well, then, Timothy; I received less than a hundred dollars for publishing this 'trash;' and if Timothy and the Loco-focos want to publish any of *their* 'trash,' I'll do it cheaper; and what is more, I won't refuse kitchen shinplasters. Trash for trash is but fair."

CCXXIV. A LITERARY BRAVO.

If the editor of the Advocate has finished that large yellow dog at the corner of Federal court, we will thank him to call and sew up the mouths of half a dozen "curs of low degree" in the neighbourhood of our domicile. If they are not mad, it is their own fault; for we have thrown stones enough at them to sour the temper of the best disposed cur in the city.

CCXXV. TERPSICHOREAN FESTIVAL.

The unequalled antifandango, and the formosa, and pariformosa on the dedo of the congelogy and conquestification within.—James Low, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he will give an exhibition dance on Friday evening, March 23d,

at Eagle Hall, 8 Roosevelt street. On the above occasion, he will be assisted by several professors of the foot. Juber Dance, by a footer with a wooden leg. Part 2.—Banjo and Jig Dance. Part 3.—Poney Dance. Part 4.—Jim Crow, and other performances. Admittance 25 cents.

CCXXVI. ART OF LONG ISLAND DISPLAYED.

By the foot on the nubendublis and criperear within, on the small touch—heel and toe on the canoporatus touch.—James Rowe respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he will give an exhibition dance at the Eagle Hall, No. 8 Roosevelt street, on Friday evening, December 21st, 1838, in the following order:—Act 1st—Heba Dance and Congo—with flat foot. Act 2d—Wooden Leg Dance and Juber, Hornpipe, and other dancing. Act 3d—Jim Crow, and Brown getting up stairs, with other dances. Tickets 25 cents, to be had at the bar. Performance to commence at seven o'clock.

CCXXVII. AWFUL!

“A wife and nine children, and flour fifteen dollars a barrel.”—*Boston Transcript*. “And twelve dollars per ton for coal:—fortunate that we, friend

Walter, have no 'little responsibilities' to feed and keep warm!"—*Gloucester Telegraph*. "We are not sure of that. We have ten 'little responsibilities' which lie at our feet every night; and, sooth to say, it costs us a good deal of trouble to keep them warm this cold weather."—*Boston Transcript*. "Then go and buy one of Dr. Ransom's patent toe warmers. But who shall minister to the affliction of a shilling loaf that may be carried in the waistcoat pocket? Tell us that, friend Transcript, with your bachelor indifference to the woes of housekeeping."—*New York Advertiser*.

CCXXVIII. TEETOTALISM.

Miss Martineau relates an anecdote, in her 'Travels, of a clergyman, who was so strict a temperance member that he refused to drink water out of the Brandywine river, but enjoyed the wine sauce eaten with plum-pudding.

CCXXIX. ADVANTAGES OF ADVERTISING.

The New York Morning News says:—"A wealthy merchant of this city, who has given more advertising to the press than any other merchant

here, once told the editor of this paper that he commenced business with a determination to expend in advertising, all his profits for the first two years, but that he soon found it impossible to do so: the faster he paid it out, the more he received; and could he have monopolized all the advertising columns of all the papers in the city, he would have been repaid fourfold!

CCXXX. DISTRESS DEFINED.

A poor Yankee, upon being asked the nature of his distress, replied, "that he had five outs and one in," to wit:—"out of money, and out of clothes; out at the heels, and out at the toes; out of credit, and in debt."

CCXXXI. A YANKEE CAT (WITH A TAIL.)

A large wild cat was killed in Topsfield, Massachusetts, on the 24th ultimo, which had taken possession of a barn, and was indulging in the pleasures of life by feasting on two fat hens. He weighed seventy-five pounds, and measured, from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, four and a half feet. — *What a whopper!*

CCXXXII. UNDOUBTED COURAGE.

“Sambo, you nigger, are you afraid of work?”
“Gor Almighty bless you, massa, I no ’fraid of work, I’ll lie down and go asleep close by him side.”

CCXXXIII. VERY SINGULAR INDEED.

“A horse at Mayfield, Sussex, being terribly pestered with flies, kicked his hind foot into his mouth, in such a manner as to require the aid of a blacksmith ere the limb could be extricated.”—*New York Sun*. The Sun does not throw any further light upon this singular incident; but it may fairly be presumed that the teeth of the horse were materially damaged; and, certainly, the painful anxiety of the poor brute, while standing upon three legs waiting for the blacksmith, may “be more easily imagined than described.”

CCXXXIV. MARCH OF AGRICULTURE.

A New York paper says, that “Mr. Theophilus Ruessile, a practical agriculturist at Albany, has discovered means, without the aid of hothouses, and in the open garden, of producing vegetables during the

entire winter months. We shall now have spinach all the year round, and no *gammon*."

CCXXXV. YANKEE COURTSHIP.

A full-blooded Jonathan, residing in a certain town in New England, once took it into his head to "go a courtin;" he accordingly saddled the old mare, and started off to pay his devoirs to one of the buxom lasses of the neighbourhood. After "stayin" with his "gal" until daylight began to streak the east, he made preparations to depart. Just as he was seating himself in the saddle, his fair one, who stood in the door, (and who, by the way, was marvellously fond of having "sparks,") wishing to have him come again, stammered out, "*I shall be at home next Sunday night, Zeb.*" Zebedee, taking out his tobacco-box, and biting off a quid of pigtail in less than a second, honestly answered, "*So shall I, by gaully !!!*"

CCXXXVI. A NEW DISH.

The New Orleans Picayune tells a neat story thus:—"A gentleman unacquainted with the French language, desiring a dinner, stepped into a *restaurant* and inquired for a dish he had eaten the day

previous. 'I do not recollect, sare, vat you did have day before dis.' 'O! some fried dish—let's see, a fried *fille de chambre*—I believe that's what they call it.' The poor waiter shrugged his shoulders, and put on a look of perfect astonishment when his customer called for a *fried chambermaid!*"

CCXXXVII. A BLIND PAINTER IN NEW YORK.

"Hullo, the shop!" exclaimed a man, who, led by a small boy, called at a manufactory—"hullo, the shop! Is the boss at home?"

"Yes, I'm the boss," replied a man, who answered to that respectable title.

"Are you the boss?" said the other.

"I just told you I was. Do you doubt my word?"

"Don't take no offence, if you please. I dare say what you say is true. But the truth is, I'm a poor miserable creature now. I can't *see* as I used to could. But I understand by my wife, who reads the papers, that you advertised for a number of *blind painters*."

"Yes; do you understand the business?"

"Why, I'm a painter, and I'm blind—if that is what you mean by understanding the business."

"Blind!"

"Ay, blind as a beetle. Alas! that I should say so. But a brother painter struck his brush in my left eye, three years ago; and then my right eye became my left one. But now, thanks to the corporation for not sprinkling the streets, I haven't a single eye left. The dust has finally done for me. I assure you, sir, I'm blind as a bat."

"How do you expect to paint, if you're blind?"

"Why, that's a matter for your own consideration. You advertised for 'blind painters,' and here I am. I'm sure—though I say it, that should not say it—no painter could be blinder."

"None of your jokes. I'm too much engaged to attend to them."

"It's no joke, I assure you. If you doubt my qualifications, I must say you do me foul wrong."

"I don't doubt your qualifications, as *you* understand them; but as I understand them, they won't answer my purpose. A blind-painter should be able to see: and therefore, as you can't see, I don't see that you'll suit me at all."

"Humph! The corporation must provide for me, then. As they've deprived me of my last remaining eye by means of their dust, they must down with the dust to keep me from starving—that's all. Boy, lead me home!"

CCXXXVIII. A LEARNED DIFFERENCE.

A teetotaller asked a person who used cigars what was the difference between a *soaker* and a *smoker*. "The one," said the man of fume, "steams it, and the other smokes it. The difference lies between *smoke* and *steam*."

CCXXXIX. A KENTUCKY STEAMBOAT.

The following specimen of the western superlative is said to be from the mouth of a Kentucky steamboat captain. While dilating, in a strain of exuberant commendation, on the excellence of his craft, he says:—"She trots off like a horse—all boiler—full pressure—it's hard work to hold her in at the wharves and landings. I could run her up a cataract. She draws eight inches of water—goes at three knots a minute—and jumps all the snags and sand-banks."

CCXL. SCENE IN NASHVILLE.

Elbow room has been quite scarce in Nashville during the past week; such scrouging, gouging, twisting, turning in and turning out, has seldom before been witnessed. Instance the following:—
Traveller dismounts at a tavern:—

“Hilloa, landlord, can I have lodgings here to-night?”

Landlord. No, sir; every room in the house is engaged.

Traveller. Can't you even give me a blanket, and a bunch of shavings for a pillow, in your bar-room?

Landlord. No, sir; there's not a square foot of space unoccupied in any part of the house.

Traveller. Then I'll thank you to shove a pole, well secured, out of your second-floor window, and I'll roost on that.

CCXLI. AMERICANISMS.

Miss Martineau says in her “Society in America,” “We were often told that it was a ‘dreadful fine day;’ and a girl at an hotel pronounced my trumpet to be ‘terrible handy.’ In the back of Virginia, these superlative expressions are the most rife. A man who was extremely ill, and in agonizing pain, sent for a friend to come to him. Before the friend arrived, the pain was relieved, but the patient felt much reduced by it. ‘How do you find yourself?’ inquired the friend. ‘Why,’ replied the sick man, ‘I’m powerful weak; but cruel easy.’”

CCXLII. ASTONISHING RACE-HORSES.

One of the Georgia papers, speaking of the horses ready for the May races in that State, says:—
“Already they begin to show their silken skins about the city, and judging from appearances, a nag that can’t ‘beat a bullet’ round a ten-acre field, had as well stay ‘t’other side the creek.’”

CCXLIII. EXTRAORDINARY MOTTO

The New York Morning Herald has the following for its motto:—Take no shin-plasters, all damned rogues who issue them—live temperately—drink moderately—eschew temperance societies—take care of the sixpences—never trust a saint—go to bed at ten—rise at six—never buy on credit—love the beautiful girls—vote against Van Buren—and kick all politicians and parsons to the devil.

CCXLIV. ANIMAL MAGNETISM ECLIPSED.

It is said that Mr. Perkins has invented a compound which he calls the “Concentrated Essence of the Sublimated Spirit of Steam.” A person has only to put a phial of it into his pocket, and it will carry him along at the rate of fifty miles an hour; or by merely swallowing three drops when you go to bed at night, in the morning you will wake up in any part of the world you choose.

CCXLV. TO AGRICULTURISTS.

A beet root is now exhibiting in Velasco, Texas, measuring thirty inches in length, and forty-two in circumference. *Beat* this who can!

CCXLVI. SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"Tim," said a Jackson man to his friend, a day or two since, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand now-a-days." "Tim," answered another, "that may be the case with some, but I find it more difficult than dangerous."

CCXLVII. FULL OF FIGHT.

One night Mr. Dabbs came home from his "loafing" place—for he "loafs" of an evening, like the generality of people—that being the most popular and the cheapest amusement extant; and, from the way he blurted open the door of the Goose and Gridiron, where he resides, and from the more unequivocal manner in which he slammed it after him, no doubt existed in the minds of his fellow-boarders that the well of his good spirits had been "riled;" or, in more familiar phrase, that he was "spotty on the back." His hat was pitched forward, with a blood-thirsty, piratical rakishness, and almost covered his

eyes, which gleamed like ignited charcoal under a jeweller's blowpipe. His cheeks were flushed with an angry spot, and his nose—always a quarrelsome pug—curled more fiercely upward, as if the demon wrath had turned archer, and was using it for a bow to draw an arrow to its head. His mouth had set in opposition to his nasal promontory, and savagely curved downward, like a half-moon battery. Dabbs was decidedly out of sorts—perhaps beery, as well as wolfy; in short, in that unenviable state in which a man feels disposed to divide himself, and go to buffets—to kick himself with his own foot—to beat himself with his own fist, and to throw his own dinner out of the window. *Charcoal Sketches.*

CCXLVIII. CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

A respectable cabinetmaker, famous for odd sayings, whilst standing against the postoffice, the other day, in a rather melancholy mood, was addressed by a friend with, "What's the word this morning?" "O! I don't know, (with a long sigh,) I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman." "Well," said his friend, "I wish the whole town was lined with such charitable men as you are; you are always giving away more or less—always giving something to the poor. Who is made happy this

morning by your charity?" Judge of his friend's surprise, when, with a long sigh, the benevolent man replied, "My wife!"

CCXLIX. A SCHOOL TEACHER.

A young collegian, who had just finished his course and received his parchment, on his return home undertook to teach the town school, as an amusement during the winter, presuming it a pleasant recreation to "teach the young idea how to shoot."

Monday morning arrived—the hopeful boys and girls flocked in—our young friend commenced arranging and classing them, but soon found that the stubborn works of nature do not yield to art without a struggle. Having a large *bump of order* on his cranium, he commanded them to sit down and remain quiet. His commands were respected in the same manner as those of Canute, when he ordered the waves of the ocean not to approach him. Anarchy had seized their juvenile minds, and they had drank deep from the fountain of liberty. Obedience was a bitter pill, and they denounced all the nostrums of their new physician. A few doses of birch and hickory were administered, which served only to enrage the fever. Noon arrived—intermis-

sion commenced—combateness broke out, and the claret was drawn from several fountains.

This march of intellect was too mighty for him; he promptly resolved to relinquish his command, and turn them over to abler hands. He accordingly called them together, bade them farewell, directing them to return from whence they came, and come no more after him.

On his way home he met a friend, to whom he exclaimed—"The devil was a fool." "How so?" inquired his friend. "Why, he took a vast deal of trouble and pains to induce Job to curse his Maker, and failed at last. If the short-sighted old man had put Job to teaching a school, he would have cursed all nature, and died the same day!"

CCL. ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A man who was noted for his parsimonious habits was peculiar among other things for taking the skin off all animals that fell in his way, such as cats, dogs, rats, &c.

His children were acquainted with this practice of their father's, and skinning of all dead animals was as familiar to them as household words.

His mother residing in the family, happened to die, and while the lifeless corpse lay unmolested

and unskinned, the children, with one burst of astonishment and surprise, exclaimed, "Mother, when is father going to skin granny?"

CCLI. ABERRATION OF MIND.

A Virginian tavern-keeper going down to his wine-cellar, by mistake went down his own throat. He did not discover the error he had committed until the candle he carried was blown out by the first inspiration he took. He describes it as being very difficult to find his way up again in the dark.

CCLII. GOING BUT NOT GONE.

The auctioneers are going up awful. They are getting to be quite a fashionable class of society. This comes of their beautiful dashing wives—blessed be their fair cheeks! They are always about among us, so that the remembrance of them is never gone. Would we could forget them! they make our hearts ache.

CCLIII. A LIVING SKELETON.

There is at present residing in Jackson county, a man who is so remarkably thin, that he is able to

crawl with ease through the street door key-hole. During winter weather, he finds it absolutely necessary to board himself up when he goes out walking, to prevent his being blown to pieces!

CCLIV. EFFECTS OF GOOD FEEDING.

An Englishman was observing that the good feeding of England produced the fattest men in the world. Jonathan contended that the good feeding of the States produced the fattest women. "What did your Daniel Lambert weigh?" said the American. "About fifty stone!" was the answer. "Pooh, that's nothing," said the Yankee; "we have in Pennsylvania at least a dozen women each the girth of Penn's tree; and one, in Staten Island, that it would take a fortnight to walk round!"

CCLV. QUACKERY IN POLITICS AND PHYSIC.

Sam Slick says:—"You have laws a regulatin' quack doctors, but none a regulatin' quack politicians: now a quack doctor's bad enough, and dangerous enough, gracious knows; but a quack politician is a devil outlawed:—that's a fact."

CCLVI. THE GREAT SEA SARPINT.

O ! the green prairie is fair to see,
And so is the mazy grove,
Where all the day in search of prey,
The bold backwoodsmen rove.
'Tis sweet to be laid 'neath the forest shade,
At the sultry hour of noon,
While your rifle's pop from the gum tree's top,
Brings down the sly racoon !
Down-easters' hearts it warms, I guess,
To roam abroad in the wilderness,
And to see the wild cats clear off, like fun,
At the sight of a Kentucky gun !
But dearer to me is the roaring main,
As a quid, than the top of a sugar cane.

The good ship "Jackson" lay at rest,
Upon the broad Atlantic's breast ;
Hush'd was the ocean's wild turmoil,
Like a rattlesnake sleeping in peaceful coil ;
The winds were right still as a baby a-bed,
Or Congress when President's message is read ;
And from all that the elements seem'd to be doing,
You'd never have guess'd that a storm was brewing
When out on the west our captain look'd,
And saw that we for a squall were book'd.

You Britishers, I calculate,
'Twould pose to find our captain's mate ;
No storm could take him by surprise,
For he ne'er slept with both his eyes ;
With one of them he'd clearly see,
Which way to-morrow's wind would be.

Well, out our captain, as I said,
Look'd on the western sky,
With the last bit of sunset red,
And there he did espy
What seem'd a cloud, when 'cutely scann'd,
In size and in hue like a nigger's hand !
Cried he, " My men, we're in a fix,
A smartish breeze that cloud predicts ;
Quick, furl the sails !" and double quick
I calculate we furl'd 'em slick.
O ! what an awful silence then
Ensued amongst our gallant men :
Each heart was chill'd with dread,
As we listened to hear
The peal of fear
Burst from the spirits of the tempest, sailing
In air, with maddening exultation hailing
The sure stroke of the winged death-shaft red !
Hurrah ! hurrah ! see the dark cloud comes on,
It hath dimm'd the last ray of the parted sun ;

To a monster-sheet of pitchy black.
 It whirlingly grew on its fateful track !
 The motionless waves were white with foam,
 Boil'd up from the ocean-monster's home ;
 Above us 'twas dark, but on every side
 Gleam'd that lurid light on the waters wide !

I reckon you landsmen little know
 What 'tis on the watery waste to lie,
 When winds and waters strive, like foe with foe,
 And fiery ruin flashes from the sky !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the waves so wild,
 And hurrah for the winds so free !
 The rattlesnake's tail for the restless child,
 But the tumbling floods for me :

Yo ho ! yo ho !
 Up and down they go !
 How they dance to the music of the storm ;
 There arises a mountain wave, and lo !
 Its curly foam-crest is as white as snow ;
 Now its star-gazing head
 Is deep blood-red,
 Hissing in the blaze of the lightning warm !

There goes another, rocket-like, high
 Up, up forever into the sky ;

It came from the bottom, and stirr'd up the mud
For a thousand miles round beneath the flood ;
'Tis gone to the moon, and when it gets there,
'Twill sweep the dew from her face, I swear.

Hilliho ! whirlwinds, come out and play,
Your president gives you a holiday ;
Come with a howl, and come with a roar,
And play the wild devil by sea and by shore.

Stranger, if haply you had been
Amidst that grand almighty scene ;
From this July to doomsday's date,
That night you'd ne'er oblivate.

Well ; bravely rode our handsome bark
Beneath her bare poles, scudding stark ;
Nor foaming waves, nor blasting fire,
Fear'd we :—Kentucky never tire !
When, suddenly, a sight appear'd
That made the boldest shake a bit
With a nation kind of an ague fit :
The clouds above us clear'd,
Cleaving, right and left, asunder,
With a crash of the most eternal thunder
Our oldest men e'er heard :

An airy chasm above us gleam'd,
And on each pale wild countenance
The glimmering blue light stream'd ;
And full three hundred eyes were seen
Lit up, beneath that ghastly scene,
And fixed, as in a trance.
The waves were still, the tempest breath
Was dumb, I calculate, as death,
When o'er the calmed flood,
Slow by our vessel pass'd a form
So close, that we felt its breath to warn,
And saw its eyes of blood :
It fixed on our crew such a hideous glare,
I wonder we outliv'd that stare :
A mercy 'tis, and a miracle
That I am here the tale to tell :
So wide its mouth, that did it please,
It might have swallow'd us with ease ;
Higher than the loftiest mast
It rear'd its horrid head, and vast
Down from its neck, what seem'd a mane
Stream'd on the flood like fiery rain ,
The fin on its back was bigger far
Than the mainsail of a man of war ,
But that it moved so peacefully
We'd all been whelm'd beneath the sea ;

The girth of its black and lengthy bulk
Was that of a first three-decker's hulk,
We could measure it well, as we wondering gazed,
When its folds up and down from the waves it
raised !

At last it pass'd us by ;—
'Twas full an hour ere we saw its tail, [whale .
Whose flick would have founder'd the mighties
And long we could descry
The monster huge, as its course it bent
Wide o'er the wandering element !

Its length I fear to tell,
Because for truth I am a stickler,
And in dimensions most partiklar :

But we, who saw the critter well,—
(Now, stranger, there's no need to smile.)—
All calculated 'twas ten mile ;
And if you doubt my simple tale,

Ask any of our crew ;
I'll hold a dollar, they'll not fail

To tell the same to you :
And never will it be their lot,
In wondrous lay to be forgot ;
Ne'er shall their children cease to tell
What to their sires that night befell, [awe,
When our bold crew, midst sights and sounds of
Within six yards the GREAT SEA SARPINT saw

CCLVII. A NEAT REBUKE.

A clergyman of considerable repute, in the town of Westborough, Massachusetts, more remarkable for pointed repartee than personal elegance, on being attacked by a blackguard of filthy habits, who said to him, that he was better fitted for a *scare-crow* than a preacher,—gravely replied—“If I rightly understand the nature and taste of the birds to which you allude, it will be more honourable to possess the power and qualities to *scare* than to *draw* them.”

CCLVIII. THE STUTTERING RECRUIT.

During the revolutionary war, when drafts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men who were drafted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, against going into the service; accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech, came forward and made his bow:—“What is your objection?” said the captain. “I ca-ca-can’t go,” answered the man, “because I st-st-st-stutter.” “Stutter!” says the captain, “you don’t go there to *talk*, but to *fight*.” “Ay, but they’ll p-p-put me on g-g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile before I can say

wh-wh-wh-who goes there?" "O, that is no objection, for they will place some other sentry with you ; he can challenge, and you can fire." "Well, b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken and run through the g-g-guts before I can cry qu-qu-qu-quarter." This last plea prevailed ; and the captain, laughing heartily, dismissed him.

CCLIX. QUALIFICATION OF A VOTER.

At an election in Boston, a youngster of fifteen presented himself at the polls and claimed to vote. "Young man, you don't pretend to be qualified, do you?" said the inspector. "Waal, I guess I do, though," replied the precocious politician ; "I've *shaved* at spells these three months back, or so." This reply created a loud laugh ; but the inspector, thinking the younker had better "tarry at Jericho" till his beard was still better grown, sent him away, with the remark, that he was too young a *shaver* to *shave* him.

CCLX. A REFRACTORY WITNESS.

By a Georgian lawyer.

I have seen men, who, if they were bribed to speak the truth, who, if convinced that the plain

statement of a fact as it had occurred, would be as conducive to their interests, as any prevarication or exaggeration concerning it, would yet equivocate and lie, in a manner truly astonishing. I will give an example of this class, which will also serve me to illustrate the free and easy manner that prevails in such of our courts as are, with considerable pleasantry, denominated, *Justice Courts*, (*lucus a non lucendo*.) Old Joshua Banes, familiarly called "Uncle Jose," by the youngsters of the neighbourhood, and "Epitaph Josh," (from the fact of his lying like a tomb-stone,) by the legal wags of the vicinity, is the person to whom I refer. One day, at one of these courts, it became necessary for the identification of an individual to ascertain whether, at a certain place, he had turned to the right or the left, and as the point had arisen incidentally, it was unavoidable, to swear the only individual present in court, who was known to be acquainted with the circumstances, and that person was "Epitaph Josh." With much trepidation, and after considerable consultation with his client, Josh was put upon the stand, by the attorney for the plaintiff, who, after the old man had taken his place, accosted him thus: "Well, Uncle Josh, the boys around here say that you can't tell the truth but by accident, but I know you better. don't I, old fellow?" "Yes, Billy

you've known the old man too well, to believe all the lies on him. I've kissed the good book, my son, and I'll tell the truth as straight as a shingle." "Go on, then, let us hear all about it." "Well, you see there was a pretty smart shower of old men at Joe White's 'entertainment,' and we got talking about old times, and the like, and after we had taken a dram or two, may be three, I started up the road, and as I walked along pretty brisk, I saw a man ahead of me, whom I first took for Jim Sikes, and when I looked again, I allowed it was Bill Thompson; and so he kept up the road——" "Stop, uncle; tell us now, you know that road, don't you?" "Well, I reckon I do; I travelled it before you were born; I've walked, man and boy, these sixty years, and I've never been a squirrel's jump from it: there ain't a shrub or an old stump on it that I don't know by heart." "Very well, now go on with your story." "And so the man kept up the road, until he came to the forks, and when he got there, he took the right——" "Huzza! I said so," exclaimed the enthusiastic attorney, "I said Uncle Josh would tell the truth when it came to the push; the old man is the genuine thing after all: you see, gentlemen of the jury, as he turned to the right, it must have been Sikes." During this outbreak of feeling, Uncle Josh had received a wink from the

opposing counsel, and without noticing the interruption, proceeded with his evidence. "Well, as I was saying, when he got there, he turned to the left——" "Halloo, stop there, old man, none of your tricks upon travellers; you said just this minute that he took to the right." ; "No, I didn't." "Yes, you did," exclaimed a score of voices. "Well, children, don't crowd the old man so, give him time. Memory ain't picked up like chips. So I did say the *right*: *your* right as you stand to me, Billy, and my left as I stand to you; you know, my son, that there are *two* rights——" "Which neither makes one *wrong*, nor one *left*, you old villain! Now, listen to me. The road that leads up from Joe White's tavern is straight, until it comes to a fork: the right-hand side of the fork leads to Jim Sikes' house, and the left-hand side to Bill Thompson's. Now, no more of your rights and lefts, but just tell me, did the man you saw go up Sikes' or Thompson's road? That's the question!" "I disremember." "You disremember! you hoary-headed old scoundrel! Have you not travelled that road all your life? Have you ever been as far as a squirrel's jump from it? Don't you know every green bush, and every old stump on it, by heart, and yet you can't tell which road the man took, no longer ago than last week?" "No, Billy, my son, the old man is

no chicken, he is getting old now. I was born in the revolution, and when the British——” “Sit down, you gray-haired alligator!” vociferated the exasperated attorney, “sit down. You have perjured yourself from the word ‘go,’ you have equivocated from Dan to Beersheba; you have lied from Joe White’s tavern to the forks of the road, and if the jury believe one word you’ve said, they are greater rascals than either you or the justice there—takes them to be!”

CCLXI. THOROUGH-GOING INDEPENDENCE.

At the battle of Yorktown, whilst the aids of the American chief were issuing his orders along the line, a man was discovered a short distance from it, who presented rather a grotesque appearance, being dressed in the coarse common cloth worn at the time by the lower orders in the back country, with an otter cap, the shape of which very much resembled the steeple of a meetinghouse, and a broad leather apron. His equipments consisted of a small woodchuck’s skin, sewed together in the form of a bag, and partly filled with powder, and an old rusty gun, which measured about seven feet eight inches from the muzzle to the end of the breech, and which

had probably lain in the smoke ever since the landing of the pilgrims. One of the aids passing him in the course of his rounds, inquired of him to what regiment he belonged. "I belong to no regiment," said the fellow, after he had fired his "long carbine." A few moments after the officer rode by again; but seeing the fellow very busy, and sweating with exertion, he once more inquired to what regiment he belonged. "To no regiment," was the answer: the speaker at the same time levelled his piece at a "red coat," who was preparing to fire, but who dropped dead before he had half raised his gun. "To what company do you belong?" "To no company." "To what battalion do you belong?" "To no battalion." "Then where the d—l do you belong, or who are you fighting for?" "Dang ye," said the fellow, "I don't belong anywhere, I am fighting on my own hook!"

CCLXII. AMERICAN RETURNS.

"The English will never get back their gold from America," said a disputant on the commercial crisis. "How could they expect it?" observed a Yankee, "the English know we have not a *sovereign* to send."

CCLXIII. FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCE.

A Canadian Indian was asked if he had known the Bishop of Quebec? "Yes, yes." "And how did you like him?" "O, vastly!" "A very fine man, wasn't he?" "Yes, very fine." "But how did you happen to know him?" "Happen to know him!—*Why, I ate a piece of him!*"

CCLXIV. POPULARITY.

Colonel Crockett says:—"Popularity is like soap, it hardly stiffens before it runs back to lye and grease again."

CCLXV. ANOTHER RARA AVIS.

A fish-eagle standing one day watching for its prey on the bank of one of our mighty rivers, down west, at last saw a salmon, as if it were under him. The creature struck instantly one of his talons into the root of an elm considerably close, and thus, partly hanging over the river, struck into the salmon. The blow and the anguish seemed to give strength to the fish, for it swam away, and split the eagle to his neck, making literally a spread eagle of him, a bird which has only hitherto been known in heraldry.

We had almost forgotten to add, that after shaking his feathers, he went screaming vengeance down the river, and was more successful in another attempt, for he was shot by Colonel Washington B. Tanswell some hours afterwards, at Big Muddy Creek, busily employed in picking the remains of a splendid salmon. He is now in Scudder's Museum, at New York, and has been considerably patronised.

CCLXVI. A HOT BERTH.

The Baltimore Sun has this advertisement:—
“Wanted, three strong men to carry the *Sun*.”

CCLXVII. THE SEA SERPENT.

From an interesting conversation with two gentlemen, who were in the *Monroe* when she hove to, near this monster, we ascertained that the creature was about six hundred feet long, in many folds. It does not, like the eel, or the land snake, taper to a point; but the body, which looks to be as big as two hogsheads, grows remarkably small at once, just where the tail begins. The head has a high and broad forehead, with large nostrils, and several stiff hairs standing out like whiskers. It has a large mane, and very smooth skin. We regret it was not taken.

CCLXVIII. SPIRIT OF IMITATION.

The southern negroes are remarkable for the pertinacity with which they mimic the dress, actions, and manners of the whites. Even in their ultimate funeral courtesies, the spirit of imitation is preserved. An epitaph on a negro baby at Savannah commences "Sweet blighted *lily*!"

CCLXIX. A MATCH FOR THE "MONSTER COD."

"A gentleman tells us that he was crossing Warrenton bridge one evening, when he saw a beautiful bass caught, which measured three feet ten inches in length, was six inches thick, and twelve inches from the fin on the back to the fin on the belly, and weighed thirty-six pounds. It was caught with a small line, and common fishing-rod, and was drawn up fifteen feet from the water to the railing of the bridge. The high and mighty Prince Alexander, yeckled Sandy Welsh, Sovereign Potentate of the realms of Gastronemie, at New York, is happily in Boston, and, we understand, has been permitted to look at the fish, and pronounced it 'a tremendous fine fellow.'"—*Boston Transcript*.—"That's a mere flea-bite.—Why, man alive, they catch bass of fifty pounds weight at Piscataqua bridge, connecting

Newington and Durham, (and that's fifty miles further down east,) and make no muss about it. Touching Sandy Welsh—he was only quizzing—he said that to conceal his ignorance of the nature of fish,—he is obliged to serve up every thing, even a squid or a grubby, to suit New York tastes. The knowing ones in Beverly and Marblehead understand the use for which nature designed such highly scented things as bass and shad—they use them for bait! It was not long ago there was displayed on a bench in front of a celebrated restaurant in this neighbourhood, a huge pollock, exposed to the rays of a broiling sun, decorated with ribands, and bearing this label:—‘This delicate fish will be served up at the ordinary next Monday.’ Mercy defend the epicures from asphyxia! Pollock, at its best estate, is never eaten by white people!”—*New York Gazette*.

CCLXX. CURE FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

A singular method of obtaining satisfaction for the non-fulfilment of a marriage contract, is delineated in a Mississippi paper. The disappointed swain has advertised the fair one, in order, as he says, “to keep every honest man from being duped by her perfidy.”

CCLXXI. MORE COMFORT STILL.

The Albion House, just opened in Albion Place is a capital place for a lodging, eating, sleeping, and thinking house. It is well kept, well larderred, well bedded, well periodicalled, well ventilated, well fitted-up, and it will soon be well filled.

CCLXXII. PERPETUAL MOTION.

A New York paper advertises that the owner of the perpetual motion lately exhibiting at Boston, has absconded without paying the man who turned the crank in the cellar.

CCLXXIII. SCIENTIFIC NATURE OF LYNCH LAW.

Sam Slick describes this *popular* law to be best defined by "hanging a man outside a church-steeple to see if it is perpendicular."

CCLXXIV. TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Last week the Supreme Court of Vermont granted a bill of divorce between Mr. Thomas Johnson and his wife Roxalana, on the ground of the husband's "intolerable severity;" and the said Thomas and

Roxalana married each other again on the third day after their divorce had been pronounced !

CCLXXV. A GRAND ANNOUNCEMENT.

A person at Keswick wanting to dispose of some bees, to attract purchasers, printed the following placard :—" Extensive sale of live stock, comprising not less than one hundred and forty thousand head, with an unlimited right of pasturage." The ingenious trick succeeded to admiration, for his "stock" brought high prices.

CCLXXVI. EXTRAORDINARY CROW.

A native of Kentucky imitates the crowing of a cock so remarkably well, that the sun, upon several occasions, has risen two hours earlier by mistake.

CCLXXVII. SOLILOQUY OVER AN UPSET SLEIGH.

" I wish I was a pig—there's some sense in being a pig wot's fat ; pigs don't have to spekilate and bust—pigs never go a sleighing, quarrel with their daddies-in-law wot was to be, get into sprees and make tarnal fools of themselves. Pigs is decent behaved people and good citizens, though they ain't

got no wote. And then they haven't got no clothes to put on of cold mornings when they get up; they don't have to be darnin' and patchin their old pants; they don't wear no old hats on their heads, nor have to ask people for 'em—cold wittles is plenty for pigs. My eyes! If I was a jolly fat pig belonging to respectable people, it would be tantamount to nothin' with me who was president. Whoever see'd one pig a settin' on a cold curbstone a rubbin' another pig's head wot got chucked out of a sleigh? Pigs has too much sense to go a ridin' if so be as they can help it. I wish I was one, and out of this scrape. It's true," continued Doot, thoughtfully, and pulling Tiptleton's nose till it cracked at the bridge-joint,—“it's true that pigs has their troubles like humans—constables ketches 'em, dogs bites 'em, and pigs is sometimes almost as done-over suckers as men; but pigs never runs their own noses into scrapes, coixin' themselves to believe it's fun, as we do. I never see a pig go the whole hog in my life, 'sept upon rum cherries.” *Charcoal Sketches.*

CCLXXVIII. WHAT DO YOU LIKE?

There was once a blustering American at Havanna, who had for a long time annoyed the other inmates of his boarding house by his bullying. At length,

an addition of two or three Englishmen was made to the boarders, and at dinner time, the Yankee, among other bold expressions, jumped upon his legs, and brandishing his carving knife, exclaimed with a menacing tone, "who said he don't like beef?" One of the Englishmen hereupon rose, and sternly replied, "I said so!" "Well, then," said the Yankee, quietly sitting down, "you can have mutton."

CLXXIX. RATHER ANCIENT.

Speaking of the longevity of the *mud turtle*, a contemporary observes, "I know all *that*; for I once found a venerable fellow in my meadow, who was so old he could hardly wringgle his tail, and on his back was carved, (tolerably plain, considering all things,) these words—'*Paradise, Year 1. Adam.*'"

CCLXXX. A STATE OF SUSPENSE.

"We must be unanimous," observed Hancock, on the occasion of signing the Declaration of Independence; "there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together." "Yes," added Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all *hang separately*."

CCXXXI. TIN BOOTS.

There is, in famous Yankee land,
A class of men, yclep'd tin-pedlers,
A shrewd, sarcastic band
Of busy meddlers.
They scour the country through and through,
Vending their wares, tin pots, tin pans,
Tin whistles, kettles, to boil or stew,
Tin cullenders, tin nutmeg graters,
Tin warming platters for your fish and 'taters!

In short—

If you will look within

His cart,

And gaze upon the tin

Which glitters there—

So bright and fair—

There is no danger in defying

You to go off without buying.

One of these cunning keen-eyed gentry,

Stopp'd at a tavern in the country,

Just before night,

And call'd for bitters for himself, of course,

And fodder for his horse.

This done, our worthy wight

Inform'd the landlord that his purse was low,

“Quite empty, I assure you, sir, and so

I wish you'd take your pay
In something in my way."

Now Boniface supposed himself a wag—
And when he saw that he was suck'd,
Was not dispirited, but pluck'd
Up courage, and his trowsers, too!
Quoth he t' himself, "I am not apt to brag,
'Tis true,
But I can stick a feather in my cap,
By making fun of this same Yankee chap.
Well, my good friend,
That we may end
This troublesome affair,
I'll take my pay in ware,
Provided that you've got what suits
My inclination."
"No doubt of that," the pedler cried,
Sans hesitation.
"Well, bring us in a pair of good tin boots.
"Tin boots!" Our Jonathan espied
His landlord's spindle shanks,
And giving his good genius thanks
For the suggestion,
Ran out, return'd, and then—"by goles!
"Yes, here's a pair of candle moul's!
They'll fit you without question."

CCLXXXII. A MAN THERMOMETER.

Your thin spare man (Cæsar's dread) is an excellent thermometer. Fahrenheit never constructed one that would better indicate the state of the temperature. If the weather is cold and frosty—he is irritable as a snapping turtle. Damp and cloudy—he is depressed, and shows that he has “the blues.” Temperate and sunny—he is cheerful and lively. Your fat, pursy man is less susceptible, and seldom indicates the changes. The lean man is your true thermometer.

CCLXXXIII. EASING OFF A FRIEND.

An old lady residing not far from Exeter, Massachusetts, was perhaps one of the most brilliant examples of conjugal tenderness that the last century produced. Her husband had long been dying, and at length, on the clergyman of the parish making one of his daily visits, he found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her “poor dear man kept groaning, but he could not die. At last,” said she, “I recollected that I had got a piece of new tape in the drawer, so I took some of that and tied

it as tight as I could round his neck, and stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and, poor dear! he went off like a lamb."

CCLXXXIV. AN ILLUSTRATION.

A man, who had been descanting eloquently on the increasing heat of Pandemonium, and the increased capacity to endure heat, given to those who are consigned to that dismal abode, said :—" Suppose a man had been there sixty years, the intensity of the heat he could then endure would be so great, that, should he be brought from there, and thrown into a furnace raised to the highest degree of heat by the best of Lehigh coal, he would freeze to death in a minute." Query—What degree of heat could he endure at the end of a thousand years? Answer—Enough to melt lightning.

CCLXXXV. KNOW THYSELF.

" You mustn't smoke here, sir," said the captain of a North River steamboat to a man who was smoking among the ladies on the quarter-deck. " I mutsn't, ha !—why not ?" replied he, opening his capacious mouth, and allowing the smoke lazily to escape. " Didn't you see the sign ?—all gentlemen

are requested not to smoke abaft the engine." " Bless your soul, that don't mean me—I'm no gentleman—not a bit of it.—You can't make a gentleman of me, no how you can fix it." So saying, he sucked away and took the responsibility.

CCLXXXVI. THE CUT DIRECT.

A dandy was one day sitting in a tavern porch, dressed in tights, when a wagoner coming along, said, " Stranger, I'll bet you a bottle of wine, that with my whip I can cut your tights and not touch your skin." " Done," said the dandy ; and at the word the wagoner drew his whip with all his might, and cut the fellow to the bone, at the same time calling for the wine, and declaring that he had lost the bet.

CCLXXXVII. PRECIOUS GENIUS.

A boy, at the age of ten years, went to school for the first time.—The teacher, to test his information, asked him, " Who made you?" The boy could not answer. The teacher told him the proper answer, and desired the boy to remember it. Some hours after the teacher put the same question to him again. The boy rubbed his head in great agony

and at length answered, "I swow!—I've forgot the gentleman's name."

CCLXXXVIII. SHORT, BUT NOT SWEET.

A late municipal judge in Boston, as famous for his ready wit as for the lowness of his stature, was one day walking with five or six gentlemen of unusual height. "Well, judge, how do you feel, walking among so many tall fellows?" said one of his companions. "How do I feel?" replied the judge; "why, I feel like four pence ha'penny among six cents."

CCLXXXIX. GOOD GENERALSHIP.

While General Steuben was at the head of his division at Yorktown, waiting for the striking of the British flag, he perceived himself in danger from a shell thrown by the enemy, and suddenly threw himself into the trench. General Wayne, in the jeopardy and hurry of the moment, fell upon him. The baron, turning his eye, saw it was his brigadier. "I always knew you were brave, general," said he, "but I did not know you were so perfect in every point of duty. You cover your general's retreat in the best manner possible."

CCXC. A TARNATION TAR.

A lawyer was once trying to pose a maritime witness, who spoke of the *running rigging* of a ship. "Do tell me," said the lawyer, "have you ever seen rigging set out and run?" "No," said Jack, "but I have seen a *rope walk*."—(Ropewalk.)

CCXCI. SCENE IN A GROCERY STORE.

"I wants one cent's worth of Scotch snuff, and change for half a dollar; and my mother wants to borrow your spade and half gallon measure, to try if the vinegar is right she bought at the other store. My mother says you must lend her fifty cents, and put it on the book. She says your bacon ain't good, and she don't keep no account nowhere else."

CCXCII. NEW YEAR'S ANECDOTE.

A little girl was despatched by her mother one New Year's day to wish a grocer a "Happy new year," with directions to tell him that she would "take the gift in molasses." Accordingly she took a jug and went to the store and did her errand as follows:—"Marm told me to come and wish you a happy new year, and here's a jug to put it in."

CCXCIII. THE PUFF COLLATERAL.

“Last evening a black rascal got into Mrs. Hunt’s chamber window by means of a ladder, no doubt with intent to commit a robbery, but was frightened by the screams of Mrs. H. for assistance. Mrs. H., it will be recollected, dwells in Market street, where she has rich fruit cake, pastries, confections, and the celebrated cooling *ice creams* ready for sale every evening.”—*Salem Banner*. We suppose then the black rascal meant to get a slice of her rich cake, if he had not been scared by her *high screams*!

CCXCIV. A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

The Eglantine, a New York paper, says:—“As winged lightnings dart from the clouds when Jupiter has unbarred their bolts, so does a fat nigger run like the devil when a big dog is after him!

CCXCV. BI-POLARITY.

“French brandy dissolved with sulphate of copper,” says a New York paper, “applied once a day, will make your hair grow.” To this the Philadelphia Ledger adds, “And if the hair should grow too abundantly, take a quart of French brandy a day

with a little sugar and nutmeg, and it will come off again." Thus, brandy for your baldness, and brandy for abundant hair.

CCXCVI. DISADVANTAGES OF A STRIKE.

"Lately," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, "in passing through Houston street, we noticed a well known boot black, sunning himself by the side of a fence. Knowing his usual industrious habits we ventured to ask Scip why he was 'holding on' there. 'O, boss,' said he, 'I've struck!' 'Struck! For what?' 'More wages—can't black boots for sixpence—Massa Rutta, he ax more for brush—Massa Gossalum raise he price five centum a dozen for box o' blackum—muss have a shillum!' 'O, but Scip, I am an old customer, you won't raise on me. I'll send my boots with a sixpence, and do you mind, make them shine like a dollar.' 'Yes, boss, I'll brush 'em *sixpence worth*.' Not doubting but they would be returned in decent order, we were not a little surprised to find them in the hall next morning, one of them shining like a mirror, and the other covered with mud, with a note, stating that he intended to assist the chimney sweeps in their turn out."

CCXCVII. TREBLE X.

What will the London brewers say when they hear that, at Rhode Island, the beer is brewed so strong that it requires three men to blow the head off a pot of porter, and they must be tolerably long winded.

CCXCVIII. AN UNACCOUNTABLE FIG.

"You Socrates," said Mr. Seth Harris, of Poughkeepsie, to his coloured fellow the other day. "You Socrates, have you fed the pigs?" "Yes massa, me fed 'um," replied Socrates. "Did you count them?" "Yes massa, me count 'um all but one." "All but one?" "Yes massa, all but one,—dere be one little speckle pig, he frisk about so much me *couldn't count him !*"

CCXCIX. A SAGACIOUS DOG.

An old lady, residing at Mobile, possesses a dog of such remakable sagacity, that when she talks scandal to any of her visitors, the animal is obliged to be sent out of the room for fear he should repeat what has been said.

CCC. USE OF A NOSE.

We always thought that the nose was meant for higher purposes than mere sneezing, and now the secret is out. So says a western paper :—" Important to nurses. We have been much amused by beholding one of the readiest modes of silencing squalling children we remember to have either heard or read of. So desirable a piece of knowledge is worthy of being universally known, and we therefore give it publicity. Take the child in its cross fits, and press your finger gently and repeatedly across the cartilage of the nose, and in less than a minute it will be asleep."

CCCI. YANKEE WIT.

A Yankee pedlar, with his cart, overtaking another of his clan on the roads, was thus addressed : "Hallo, what do you carry ?" "Drugs and medicines," was the reply. "Good !" returned the other, "you may go ahead ; I carry grave-stones."

CCCII. SINGULAR RESEMBLANCE.

A Southerner, speaking of his niggers, said, "Cæsar and Pompey are so much alike that you can't tell the one from the other, '*specially Pompey.*'"

CCCI. A STRIKE.

A countryman drove his cart up to a grocer's door, and asked him what he gave for eggs:—"Only seventeen cents," was the reply, "for the grocers have had a meeting, and voted to give no more." Again the countryman came to market, and asked the grocer what he gave for eggs:—"Only twelve cents," said the grocer, "for the grocers have had another meeting, and voted not to give any more." A third time the countryman came, and made the same inquiry; and the grocer replied that the grocers had held a meeting again, and voted to give only ten cents. "Have you any for sale?" continued the grocer. "No," says the countryman, "the hens have had a meeting too, and voted not to trouble themselves to lay eggs for ten cents a dozen."

CCCI. TO MAKE LEECHES BITE.

If the leech will not bite, bind him apprentice to a broker for a week, and his teeth will become so sharp that he will bite through the bottom of a brass kettle.

CCCI. HINT TO ADVERTISERS.

We would recommend, as a sure method of giving extensive publicity to advertisements, that the

words, "Not to be repeated," should be added in small italics. The women, imagining this to be an injunction to secrecy, will do more towards making the matter public, than could be effected by any means with which we are at present acquainted.

CCCVI. HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

To go into a printing office, look over a compositor's shoulder, and read his copy. To go into an editor's room, rummage among his newspapers, and look over his shoulder to read his manuscript. Height of justice.—To kick such rascals out without ceremony.

CCCVII. HEIGHT OF NONSENSE.

For two men, composed of real flesh and blood, to stand up like two targets to be shot at, upon a mere point of *honour*.

CCCVIII. HEIGHT OF CHARITY.

Unlacing a young lady's corset, to enable her to sneeze.

CCCIX. EARLY RISING IN CONNECTICUT.

The editor of the *Eglantine* says that, "The girls in Connecticut, who are remarkable for their indus-

try, drink a pint of yeast before going to bed at night, to make them *rise* early in the morning.

CCCX. ALMOST FLEDGED.

Colonel Crockett dined once at a public house, where the waiters were very officious in their services, and extremely polite to him, handing him every thing on the table. Amongst other things, they pressed him to take some chicken ; he declined, begging them, "if they cared any thing for him, to take it away, for that he had been fed upon chickens until he was nearly *feathered*."

CCCXI. SELLING FOR CASH.

"Hallo, George !" bawled an awkward, rum-sucking six-footer the other day, to a boon companion, "I've sold Bull." "The deuse you have!" replied George. "Yes, I sold him for sixty dollars." "Whew ! 'spose you'll be able to treat on the head of it ?" "No, I didn't jist exactly sell for cash, but I got two other dogs in exchange, which is the same thing as cash, you know."

CCCXII. RANDOM SHOTS.

Old Dr. Hunt used to say, when he could not discover the cause of a man's sickness, " We'll try

this—and we'll try that. We'll shoot into the tree, and if any thing falls, well and good.”—“Ay, (replied a wag,) I fear that is too commonly the case, and in your shooting into the tree, the first thing that generally falls is the patient.”

CCCXIII. A GOOD REASON.

A young amoroso at a festival gave the following toast:—“The ladies—We admire them, because of their beauty—respect them, because of their virtue—adore them, because of their intelligence—and love them because *we can't help it.*”

CCCXIV. NEW FIGURE OF SPEECH.

“Lord, Nancy,” said a girl, getting out of the stage a few days since, at one of the factories in Lowell, Massachusetts, “you’ve no idea how tickled I be to see you!” “I guess you can’t be more tickleder than I be,” says Betsey, “to be sure.”

CCCXV. WIGGLESWORTHIANA.

Under this title a writer in the Daily Chronicle, of Philadelphia, furnished its readers, several years since, with the following amusing sketch of a truly

eccentric character, who, in his time, passed through a variety of scrapes, enough to immortalise any ordinary personage. We copy a few of his practical jokes—the whole of the article is too long for our pages.

Two or three of his young female neighbours, by dint of frequent importunity, perhaps of actual duress, had extorted from him the promise of a pound-cake for their next tea-party. They notified the evening to him, and when their friends were collected, began to feel some uneasiness about the non-appearance of the expected present. About eight o'clock, however, in stalked Flickwire's boy, with a cake of magnificent dimensions, frosted as thickly and as purely as the summit of Mount Blanc, or the unapproachable Himalaya, and starred with nebulae of countless comfits. "O, Billy is the man for the ladies," was the unanimous exclamation of the grateful spinsters, and a bumper of *parfait amour*, such as Hebe poured to Jove, went round to his health. They then proceeded to slice the cake, but the knife was thin, and bent in the operation. They then took the carver, but that seemed dull. They sharpened it on the steel, but in vain. They tried the grindstone, but still the knife fell edgeless as the Pagan's blade on the shield of Orleans. I believe, but am not quite sure, that a hatchet was

their last resort. This peeled off the sugar, and displayed, with a crust, brown, hard, and shining as the inner surface of an earthen pot, a thrice baked loaf of rye bread; a titter was heard in the entry, and a hobnailed shoe, stealing out of the front door. One and all they vowed vengeance against the gay deceiver, though they should marry him to obtain it. But his hour was not come.

A widow lady, standing at her door, one summer evening, as was the custom in those days of primitive simplicity, saw Billy passing with a patty-pan of most enticing cheese-cake in his hand. She longed for a taste, as William Littlewit longed for pig at Bartholomew Fair. "Do, Billy, give me but a spoonful." "Not a morsel," said Billy, "it's for a sick friend." "I'll take it from below, where no mortal can see the hole." Billy sighed a reluctant consent, and the widow hurried in and out again with a tablespoon, which, now-a-days, might serve as deputy to a soupladle. To plunge it into the pan, and thence into her mouth, was the work of a moment; but still more speedily was it spirted upon the pavement. "I'm glad you like it," said our hero; "you may get enough for two pence at the currier's to feast your family."

Billy was once seen to go round the corner with a hand-box in his hand. On his return he was way-

laid by two damsels, who insisted on seeing the contents. In vain he begged and declared that it was but a plain black bonnet for an old woman that washed for him. "No, no, you are going to be married, or else you're about mischief, and see it we will." Finding escape impossible, he first swore them to secrecy, and then, cautiously looking round, raised the lid. The girls screamed and scampered off as if they had seen a ghost. Billy sniggered, and went home. The secret was so religiously kept on both sides, that the contents of the band-box are as yet unknown. It leaked out, however, that Billy had been, not to the milliner's, but to a crockery shop; and for this the neighbours were indebted to a young friend of mine, who had as much laudable curiosity in his composition as peeping Tom of Coventry.

On the evening of the wedding, shortly after the clergyman had departed, a knock was heard at the front door, and the voice of a grave and elderly man, inquiring in rather a mysterious tone, "Is William Wigglesworth within?" "He is," replied the old woman, who served as cook, chambermaid, and portress, and had little enough to do in her triad of employments—"walk in," and in walked Davy E——, with a cradle. "You've mistaken the house, friend," said the blushing bride; "we have ordered

no such article." Billy, who, like all wags, mortally hated a joke at his own expense, waxed angry, but his ancient domestic pacified him by remarking, "Well, well, we don't want it, and perhaps never may; but it's a good sign, at least." A glass of anniseed and a slice of cake were offered to Davy, but he refused them, and walked off in great dudgeon, threatening revenge, but moderate, against the knaves who had sent him on a fool's errand. Billy, however, suspected that the notion was Davy's own; and that he had brought the cradle merely for the fun of telling the story. To attack him with a practical joke, seemed like defying him at his own weapons, and he vowed to retaliate. An occasion soon offered. About three weeks afterwards, a watchman came into his shop to buy a rattle, his old one, as he said, being worn out. Billy, with his usual thirst after knowledge, inquired whether he expected to have any particular use for it that night; and while chaffing for the instrument, pumped the whole matter out of him. A noted physician and druggist in the city had ornamented the summit of his door with the figure of a golden pelican; the busts of Fothergill and Galen having become too numerous to be attractive. Certain idle dogs had frequently amused themselves by stealing the splendid emblem in the night time, depositing it at a distance, and then pri-

vately sending word to the doctor of the place where he might find it; so that half his time was spent in wild goose chases after his pelican, to the equal detriment of his patients and himself. At last he feed the watchman to watch for the rogues, and this night they were to be caught. Billy wanted no more. He waited patiently till about half-past ten at night, when he despatched a note to Davy, informing him that the doctor was dead, and that he was wanted at once to take measure for a coffin. The body, he added, had been left alone in the house, from a foolish fear of contagion, but the key of the front door was placed under the pelican. Davy hurried away with board and stools. While mounded on one of the latter, busily feeling for the key, he felt himself seized from behind with no tender gripe, while a bucket of cold water showered on him from above. In vain he remonstrated. "Away with the villain!" roared the doctor from the window, and the unfortunate innocent spent the night in the watchhouse.

CCCXVI. THE DOCTOR DOSED.

Doctor Byles, of Boston, having paid his addresses unsuccessfully to a lady, who afterwards married a gentleman named Quincy, the doctor on meeting

her, said, "So, madam, it appears you prefer the *Quincy* to *Byles*." "Yes," retorted the lady, "for if there had been any thing worse than *biles*, God would have afflicted Job with it."

CCCXVII. PRECOCIOUS DEPRAVITY.

Two boys fought out a quarrel the other day, and the bigger proved the "best man." "Darn ye," said No. 2, when he found he was used up—"darn ye, if I can't liek ye, I'll make mouths at your sister."

CCCXVIII. THE DEVIL TO PAY.

This phrase doubtless originated in a printing office, on some Saturday night's settlement of weekly wages. "John," says the publisher to the book-keeper, "how stands the cash account?" "Small balance on hand, sir." "Let's see," rejoins the publisher, "how far will that go toward satisfying the hands?" John begins to figure arithmetically—so much due to Potkins, so much to Typus, so much to Grubble, and so on, through a dozen dittos. The publisher stands aghast. "Here is not money enough by a jugful." "No, sir, and, besides, there is *the dévil to pay*."

CCCXIX. DESCRIPTIVE.

A Boston paper describing a complainant in court, who had been bunged in the eyes, remarks—
“His macerated visage spoke for itself. There was not a white spot as big as a fourpence on it: he looked as if he had fallen head foremost in a boiled huckleberry pudding, and had permitted its contents to dry on.”

CCCXX. ARITHMETICAL MANIA.

As for Latin and Greek, we don't vally it a cent; we teach it, and so we do painting and music, because the English do, and we like to go ahead on em even in them are things. As for reading, it's well enough for them that has nothing to do, and writing is plaguy apt to bring a man to state's-prison, particularly if he writes his name so like another man as to have it mistaken for his'n. *Cyphering* is the thing—if a man knows how to cypher he is sure to grow rich. We are a “*calculating*” people, we all *cypher*.

CCCXXI. UNWEANED MAMMALIA.

Some young men, travelling on horseback among the White Mountains, became inordinately thirsty,

and stopped for milk at a house by the roadside. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought out an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been *weaned*."

CCCXXII. DOCTORS TURNED (PATIENTS).

The Buffalo Journal says that that city is so healthy that the doctors have nothing to do; and seven of them were seen together on the pier, fishing.

CCCXXIII. VERY LIKELY.

A correspondent, in writing from the hills, says "So intense has been the heat here that sportsmen have been afraid, on more occasions than one, to load their fowling-pieces, lest the powder should ignite without the aid of flint or percussion." Now this is nearly as good as the gentleman who wrote from Massachusetts, that, "the fogs were so intense, that when he put his walking-stick above his head, it stuck fast."

CCCXXIV. A MENDICANT "POLITICIANER."

One morning, during the "rabid stage" of the late "pressure," while looking over some new publications, in the fashionable *magasin* of one skilled in bibliography, there enters a middle-aged specimen of humanity, who, from crown to heel, bore the marks of a decayed gentleman. He looked as if he had been "spending the night in a stable, and taking his breakfast at a pump." "Sir," said he, bowing condescendingly to the shopman, and speaking with studied precision of diction, "you see before you an unfortunate individual; one who, as the poet remarks, is greatly

‘—— in want of ready rhino,
Like many hercabout that you,
And some, perhaps, that I know!’

Permit me, therefore, my dear sir, to ask, could you oblige me with the loan of a fip?" "No, sir, I could not!" replied the shopman, sarcastically. "Ah!" responded the solicitor, "I had no idea that the times were so hard here. I thought they were hard enough in Philadelphia, but—nothing like it—nothing like it! I feel for you," he added, laying his hand, with a philanthropic air, upon his breast, "I feel for you all!" He mused for a moment,

then extending his arm, and flourishing the tattered remnants of a pocket-handkerchief, he continued : —“ What is this great and glorious country coming to, I should like to know, under its present rulers, with their bank laws, their currency laws, their sub-treasury, and so forth ? To ruin, sir!—to utter ruin ! Man, as the English grammar very correctly observes, man is a verb. Our government, the body corporate, is the verb **TO BE ! TO DO !** and we, the people, sir, of this great and glorious country, are the miserable passive verb **TO SUFFER !**” Shade of Cicero ! thought we ; such eloquence would shame the oratory of our “ Eagle of the North !” “ Sir,” said the shopman, “ I have no time to attend to you ; you will oblige me by leaving the store.” “ O, certainly !” and he retired accordingly.

CCCXXV. BARKING SQUIRRELS.

“ Can’t surmount the mystery that makes an Engliſher ſwivel a buſhel of grape into a jack ſnipe, and ſquash him up like a handful o’ ſauſage ſtuffing. Turning poultry-butcher, is pretty d—n conſiderable unlike a gentleman, I ſpeculate. Pick-ing off a wild turkey or a canvass-back with a ſingle ball may paſs muſter, but the only ſterling, genuine, genteel game is barking ſquirrels. The ſcum ſhoots

em pretty much as you would, but the genteel practice is to game for them with a rifle. As soon as one is twigged a setting on a branch, taking it easy, the gent levels at that part of the trunk directly behind the beast. The ball rips the bark violently from the tree, dashes it like a slip of a thunderbolt, right slick agin him, and down he drops, effuncted by the decortication, but no more the worse to the eye of the spectator than if he had died nat'rally of nissself, jist for the purpose of obleeging him. This is what we call 'barking squirrels,' and a'n't it a more genteel style of gunning than that which brings the game to bag half-digested, like the internals of a Scotch haggis?"

CCCXXVI. THE OTHER WAY.

A few days since, a little ragged urchin had been sent by a mechanic to collect a small bill which had become due. He began, in the usual way, by becoming more and more importunate; at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him, "You needn't dun me so sharply, I'm not going to run away at present." "I don't suppose you are," said the lad, scratching his head, "but my master is, and he wants the money."

CCCXXVII. PERTINENT IMPERTINENCE.

After Great Britain acknowledged the independence of her colonies in America, a gentleman from Boston was at the theatre in Drury Lane, and chanced to sit very near Prince Edward. When the curtain dropped, choosing to play the wag, he reached over into the royal box, and called out to the prince, "Don't your daddy think he has lost a plaguy good farm?" The indignation of the populace was such, that he was glad to escape with all possible speed.

CCCXXVIII. SKINNING V. SHAVING.

"If you call this skinning," said a man under the hands of a knight of the lather box, "if you call this skinning, it's not so bad; but if you call it shaving, I should prefer to have you take the other side of your razor."

CCCXXIX. A SUFFICIENT REASON.

"Why do you use so much tobacco?" said an Englishman to an American the other evening at a whist party; "Because I *chews*," was the reply.

CCCCXX. THE LADIES' PARTY.

At the ladies' celebration of the fourth of July, at Barre, Massachusetts, there were nine hundred of the fairest portions of creation present. Among the toasts were—"Old bachelors! may they lie alone in a bed of nettles, sit alone on a wooden stool, eat alone on a wooden trencher, and be their own kitchen maids!" "Industry of the young ladies of Barre, who always want to be engaged." "The old bachelor, like the thorn hedge, neither blossoms nor fruits to render it useful or ornamental, but is a scourge to all creatures." "Matrimony, the truth and essence of life." "Love at home, utility abroad, and consistency at all times, and in all conditions."

CCCCXXI. A KNOTTY SUBJECT.

A man in Ohio was pursued lately by a black snake. All at once it occurred to him, just as the reptile was preparing to jump at his throat, to run round a small birch tree which stood in his path, as tight as he could spring. He did so till he got the creature in a snarl, when, stopping suddenly, he threw a back somerset, and the snake, trying to follow him, *tied himself up in a hard knot!*

CCCXXXII. PHRENOLOGY EXTRAORDINARY.

We understand Mr. Fletcher has examined the bumps on Bunker's Hill monument, and finds the organ of completiveness among the missing.

CCCXXXIII. A VARMINT TEAM.

"This is a real *varmint* team you've got hold on, Mr. Tolly." "How did you find that out, sir?" cries Tolly, biting off about a couple of ounces of 'baccy. "Why, it's not hard to tell so much, after taking a good look at them, I guess," replied I, "Well, that's rum, anyhow; but, I guess, you're not far out for once," answers Mr. Tolly, with a knowing grin of satisfaction; "sure enough, they are all from *Varmont*."

CCCXXXIV. THE EDGE OF A RAZOR.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Journal states that, in his opinion, the edge of a sharp razor is the nearest approximation that can be found to a mathematical line, as it is invisible by the aid of the most powerful microscope!

CCCXXXV. LOOK TO YOUR HEARTS.

Broadway, yesterday afternoon, was a genuine paradise of beauty. How fresh, how blooming, how tender, how interesting, how angelic the ladies did look, to be sure! How the bachelors hold out as they do, is, to us, a matter of especial wonderment.

CCCXXXVI. A POSER.

A Yankee went to see a collection of wild beasts. While he was looking at a monkey, some one asked him if he did not resemble General Jackson. "No," said he, "but I'll tell you who it does look like. It does look like Mr. —, the Ohio member of Congress." There was a loud burst of laughter at his saying so, and upon turning round, he saw Mr. —, of Ohio, about three feet from him. He bowed to the company, and said he had either slandered the monkey or Mr. —, and if they would tell him which, he would beg his pardon.

CCCXXXVII. PRECEDENCE.

A foreigner in America expressing his surprise that the passengers on board a steamboat should

leave their beds on a foggy morning at four o'clock to watch till eight the appearance of the place to which they were destined, a fellow-traveller replied, "If you knew my countrymen, you would think it but a matter of course, that in order to arrive at nine they should rise at four. It is the nature of an American to be always in fear lest his neighbour should arrive before him. If one hundred Americans were about to be shot, they would fight for precedence, such are their habits of competition.

CCCXXXVIII. TAKE CARE OF YOUR BAGGAGE.

Travellers should be careful to intrust their baggage to proper persons only ; as a gentleman, a few days since, on alighting from a stage coach at Washington, intrusted his wife to a stranger, and she has not been heard of since.

CCCXXXIX. FORENSIC WIT.

A man at Baltimore was convicted of passing five counterfeit *cents*; he was adjudged to pay fifty dollars, being ten dollars for each piece ; the judge remarking, "I hope this just decision will teach you to keep *good cents* about you, and never again to palm upon the public any of your *non-cents*."

CCCXL. A DIALOGUE.

"Look here, Sambo, you got dat quarter dollar you owes me?"

Sambo. La! Cuff, no; money so scarce, so many stopperages in Mobile, there ain't no money in circulation.

Cuff. O, sho, Sambo, what de nashun you got to do with Mobile? Nigger, pay up, pay up!

Sambo. Well, look here, Cuff, me hear massa tell more dan twenty men dat same tale; and I ain't see no gentleman treat him like you me. Act like a gentleman if you is a niggar.

CCCXLI. THE VALUE OF A WIG.

A southern paper relates the following story of an officer of the army, who, having lost his hair during an illness contracted at New Orleans, provided himself with a handsome wig before starting on a late campaign in Florida. In an engagement with the Seminoles, he was wounded, and fell to the ground, where he lay without the power to rise. The red enemy, who wounded him, came up for his scalp. The officer feigned to be dead, and breathed as low and softly as possible. The Indian stood

over him, drew his knife, passed it fearfully and quickly round the head of his victim; and then, with a "whoop!" bounded with his bloody trophy into an everglade. The officer afterwards got back in safety to his camp, and relates with much glee the story of the loss of his——*wig*!

CCCXLII. YANKEE INGENUITY.

On the fourth of July last, being the anniversary of American independence, a tavern-keeper of New York hit upon the following ludicrous piece of flattery to draw custom to his house. He exhibited a full length transparent portrait of General Washington, inscribed with the following words:—" *The conqueror of the conqueror of Waterloo !!!*" We need hardly remind our readers that Washington died many years before the battle of Waterloo was fought.

CCCXLIII. TOO DEEP TO BE DONE.

An Englishman, warm in his praises of the hospitalities and socialities of the mother country, amid other instances, quoted one of the Rutland punch-bowl, which, on the christening of the young marquis, was built so large, that a small boat was actually

set sailing upon it, in which a boy sat, who ladled out the liquor. "I guess," said one of the company, "I've seen a bowl that 'ud beat that to immortal smash; for, at my brother's christening, the bowl was so deep, that when we young uns said it warn't sweet enough, father sent a man down in a diving-bell to stir up the sugar at the bottom."

CCCXLIV. ARGUMENTATIVE.

The Vermont Mercury has the following excellent defence lately made to an action by a down east lawyer:—"There are three points in the case, may it please your honour," said the defendant's counsel. "In the first place, we contend that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; secondly, that it was whole when we returned it; and, thirdly, *that we never had it!*"

CCCXLV. COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

"Courting is fun enough. I havn't got a word to say agin courting. It's about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dickey, and go and talk as sweet as nugey, or molasses candy, for an hour or two—to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door, as your

sweetheart goes to the step with you. The fact is, I've quite a taste and a genius for courting. It's all sunshine, and no clouds.

"When I was a single man, the world wagged along well enough. It was jist like an omnibus: I was a passenger, paid my levy, and hadn't nothing more to do with it, but sit down and not care a button for any thing. S'posing the omnibus got upsot—well, I walks off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But, then, I must take a wife, and be hanged to me. It's all very well for a while; but, afterwards, it's plague like owning an upsot omnibus.

"What did I get by it? a jawing old woman, and three squallers. Mighty different from courting that is. What's the fun of buying things to eat and things to wear for them, and wasting good spreeing money on such nonsense, for other people? and, then, as for doing what you like, there is no such thing. You can't clear out when people's owing you so much money, you can't stay convenient. No—the nabbers must have you. You can't go on a spree; for, when you come home, missus kicks up the devil's delight. You can't teach her better manners—for charleys are as thick as blackberries. In short, you can't do nothing. Instead of 'yes, my duck,' and 'no, my dear,'—'as you please,

honey,' and 'when you like, lovey,' like it was in courtin' times, it's a riglar row at all hours. Sour looks and cold potatoes ; children and table-cloths bad off for soap—always darning and mending, and nothing ever darned and mended. If it wasn't that I'm partickelarly sober, I'd be inclined to drink—it's excuse enough. It's heart-breaking, and it's all owing to that I've sich a pain in my gizzard of mornings. I'm so miserable, I must stop and sit on the steps."

Charcoal Sketches.

CCCXLVI. NOT WEATHERWISE.

Why is Mr. Murphy, the almanac maker, the most hardy man alive? Because he is *out* in all weather. May we not add, after this, that Murphy is the most *weather-beaten* man in the world?

Why is a pilot-coat not like Murphy? Because one is *weatherwise* and the other is *otherwise*.

CCCXLVII. THE LAST.

There cannot be a better ending to a collection of comicalities, than the following exquisite disquisition on the properties and essential virtues of jocosity. It is copied from the preface to an excellent little book, entitled "Yankee Notions."

The worst thing for a man's health is melancholy, but a good joke helps digestion and promotes longevity. A good joke, like a good sherris sack, hath a twofold operation. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, delectable shapes, which acting slyly and sympathetically upon the corners of the mouth, produce hearty, jovial, honest laughter. The other property of your excellent joke is, the warming of the blood, which before, cold and settled, left the face long, the heart lumpish, the looks dumpish, and the whole inward and outward man most dismally frumpish;—all which are the badge of pusillanimity, cynical sourness, and pseudo-sapient self-conceit. But the joke warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme, mollify the heart, tickle the ribs, expand the pericardium, inspirit the lungs, light up the bosom, clear the æsophagus, lubricate the tongue, inspire the brain, sublimate the cerebellum, titillate the skull-bone, vivify the spinal marrow, and quicken the whole nervous system: so that man being jolly, becometh perforce generous, forgiving, liberal, communicative, frank, inquisitive, sympathetic, humane, and pious: and doeth noble deeds without end. And thus goodness, mercy, munificence, public

spirit, patriotism, and the whole host of social virtues and Christian charities come of joking. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be to forswear doleful dumps and addict themselves to fun.

What make people dyspeptical, hypochondriacal, apoplectic, envious, rabid, fanatical, factious, quarrelsome, selfish, consumptive, and short-lived? The doctors say this and that, but they know nothing about it. Politicians and metaphysicians reason and speculate, but they cannot find out. The true cause is that aforementioned chilliness of the blood, occasioned by the want of good merriment: nothing else, depend upon it; for since good jollity has declined, nothing has gone on rightly among us. How came the heroes of seventy-six to fight so valiantly to the tune of Yankee Doodle? Why, simply because Yankee Doodle is a jolly, jigging, mirth-exciting tune.—*Quien canta, sus males espanta.*

THE END.



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